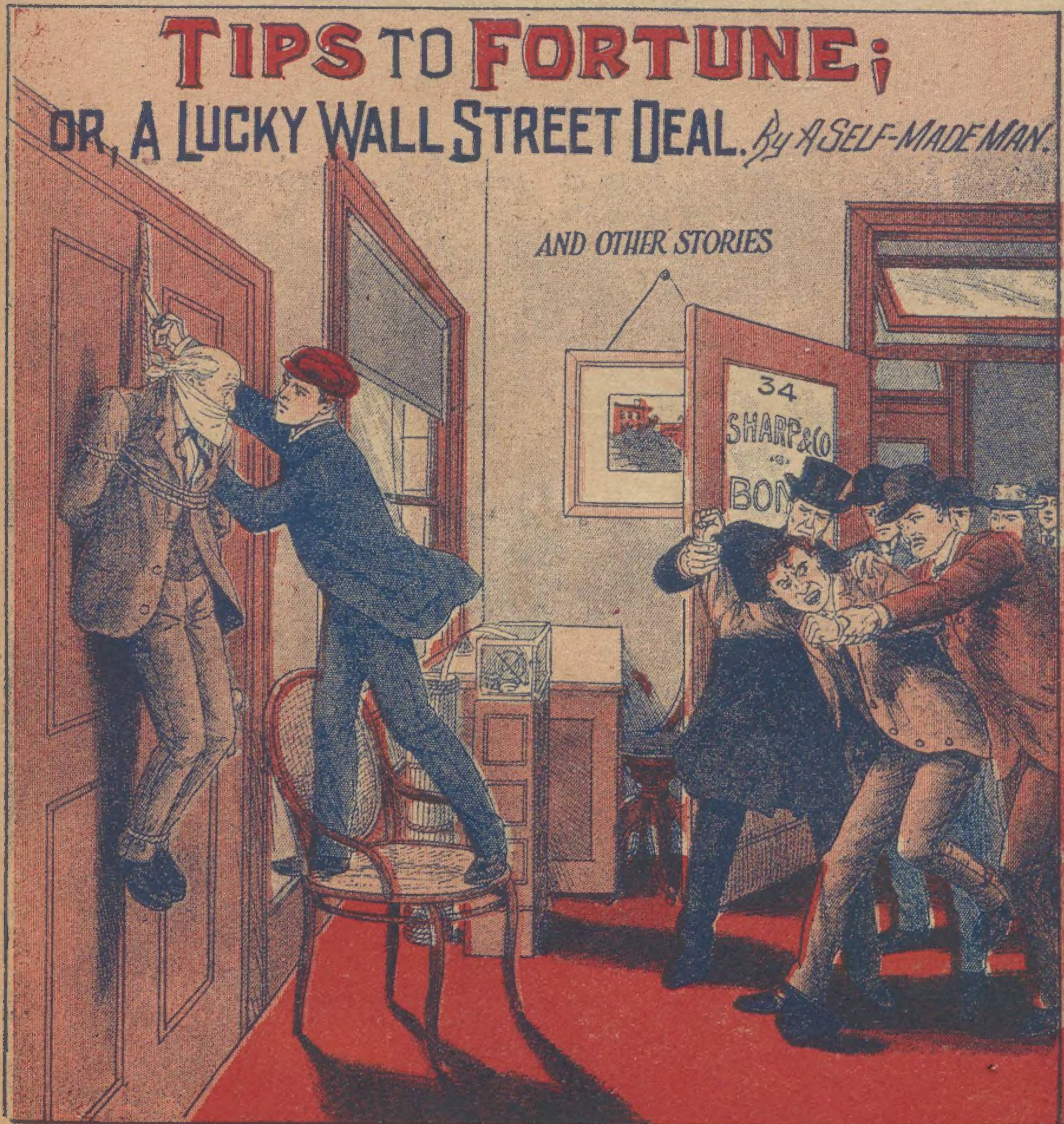


# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**TIPS TO FORTUNE;**  
**OR, A LUCKY WALL STREET DEAL.** *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



As the crowd rushed into the room, and brokers Fox and Adams seized Bennett, Eddie rushed across the room, sprang upon a chair and, whisking a jack-knife from his pocket, cut the old broker down from the door.



# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## TIPS TO FORTUNE

### OR, A LUCKY WALL STREET DEAL

By A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—Eddie Scott and Charley Gates.

"Get out of my office!"

"Mr. Sharp told me to bring an answer."

"I don't care what he told you. I want you to get out."

"Then I'm to tell Mr. Sharp that you refuse to send him an answer?"

"I don't care a continental what you tell him. Get out!"

Walter Bennett, stock broker, of the Pluto Building, Wall Street, was evidently in a savage humor, and he glared at Eddie Scott, messenger and office boy for Matthew Sharp, also a stock broker, of No. — Wall Street, as though he were an ogre in a big castle and had half a mind to make a meal of the plump, good looking boy who had called on him with a note from his employer. Eddie wasn't used to such a dismissal, and he didn't like it. He had been carrying notes to a hundred or more brokers every week for the past two years, and he could not recall one instance where he had been so roughly treated before.

"He's a gentleman—I don't think," muttered Eddie to himself, his cheeks flushed with indignation, as he walked out into the corridor and hurried over to the elevator shaft. "He seemed to be mad over that note. There must have been something in it he didn't like."

Eddie Scott was a bright, wide awake boy. He lived in Harlem with his widowed mother and sister Edith, a pretty, refined-looking girl, one year his junior who had just started out as a breadwinner, too. Mr. Sharp, Eddie's employer, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, got her a position as stenographer for an Exchange Place broker, and although she was but sixteen, and had never had any previous office experience, she made good from the start. Mrs. Scott had reason to be proud of her two children, and naturally she was. Since her husband's death, two years since, she had had a hard time to make ends meet, as he had left nothing but a \$1,000 life insurance, and more than half of that went to pay his just debts and funeral expenses.

Mr. Sharp had been in business in the Street for a great many years, and there was hardly a broker but knew him either personally or by

reputation. His hair was almost white and had grown so thin as to leave the greater part of the crown of his head bald. In business matters he was very conservative, and seldom speculated. His word was as good as most men's bond, and he was understood to be wealthy. Mr. Everett, his cashier and head bookkeeper, had been with him nearly forty years, but the other clerks were young men who had risen from the same position Eddie now held. His stenographer was a pretty girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, about sixteen, named Sylvie Thorne.

Eddie and Sylvie had struck up a warm friendship. He thought she was the nicest girl in New York, his sister excepted; and she thought he was the smartest and most gentlemanly boy she had ever met. From the very first Eddie had taken a great interest in Wall Street, and he devoted much of his spare time to studying Stock Exchange methods and to reading the news that interested brokers principally. In this way he acquired quite a fund of information about stocks, and had a pretty correct idea of how business was conducted by the traders.

When Eddie reached the elevator shaft after leaving Mr. Bennett's office he found a boy of about his own age standing there waiting for a cage to come down. This boy's name was Charlie Gates, and he worked for a broker in the same building where Eddie was employed.

"Hello, Eddie," said Charley, in his off-hand, careless fashion.

"Hello, Charley," returned Eddie, who was always glad to see his friend.

"What do you know this morning?" grinned Charley.

"I know a thing or two more than when I left home."

"What, for instance?"

"That the market shows an upward tendency, for one thing, and that some men who seem to be gentlemen can act like hogs."

"Ho! Somebody been treating you like a hog?" asked Charley, inquisitively.

"I wasn't treated very nice by a broker in this building."

"Who was he?"

"I don't care to mention names."

"What did he do to you?"

"I brought him a note that required an an-



swer. He not only wouldn't give me an answer, but he ordered me out of his office as if I were a pickpocket."

The boys reached the sidewalk and started down the street together.

"If I had \$100, or even \$50, I know how I would double it in a few days," said Gates.

"On some stock, I suppose?" replied Eddie.

"I heard two brokers in our office this morning talking about Memphis & Nashville. One said he had positive information from the inside that Louisville Southern had secured control of the road, and that the fact would be published in a few days. He said M. & N. was bound to go up ten points on the strength of it."

"Do you know the brokers?"

"Sure. One was Frank Fox and the other Joseph Adams."

"It looks like a good tip. I've read a number of items in the Wall Street papers about the matter during the past month, and I thought there might be something in it. But you know such rumors can never be depended on. The papers print any old thing that comes their way to fill their columns. The great majority never amount to anything, consequently brokers are very careful not to put too much trust in such things."

"Fox seems to be dead sure about this matter."

"As you say you haven't the money, it's no use to you."

"That's right. Hard luck isn't it to be strapped when a good thing comes your way?"

"You aren't the only one in that boat," said Eddie.

Charley Gates worked for Ludlow, Mills & Co., whose offices faced that of Broker Sharp across the corridor, and the boys parted at that point.

## CHAPTER II.—What the White Envelope Contained.

"So he wouldn't give you an answer," chuckled Matthew Sharp, gazing at his messenger through his gold-rimmed spectacles after the boy had reported the result of his mission.

"No, sir. He just told me to get out in as rough a way as he could."

The old broker chuckled again.

Then he pondered a moment, tapping his desk with an ivory paper-cutter.

"That's all for the present, Eddie," he said presently, and the boy went outside and took his seat in the waiting-room.

Eddie picked up the morning paper, looked over the market report for M. & N., and saw that it had closed the day previous at 58.

He also looked up L. S. and noted that it stood at 75.

"I believe Charley got hold of an A. No. 1 tip. If I had some money that I had no immediate use for I think I'd take a shy at M. & N."

At that moment the cashier called Eddie and asked him to go up Nassau Street to a stationer's and get an account book, the style of which he had noted on a slip of paper.

As he was walking briskly up Nassau Street a big, burly A. D. T. messenger came dashing out of an office, collided with Eddie and knocked him head over heels into the street. Eddie drop-

ped the slip of paper he held in his hand, and the wind whisked it away.

"You big brute, what did you do that for?" exclaimed Eddie, picking himself up about as mad as he well could be.

"Don't get mad, little boy," grinned the A. D. T. boy. "You dropped something, didn't you? There it is yonder. Run along and pick it up, and next time keep your eyes open when you're walking along."

The messenger chuckled loudly and hurried away. Eddie went over to where he saw what he took to be a slip of white paper. It proved to be merely a white envelope.

He was turning away from it when he noticed that it was sealed. Then he reached down and picked it up. There was evidently something inside of it. Turning it over he saw that there was no name or address on it.

"I wonder what's in it," he mused. "Well, I'll look and see when I get back to the office."

He put the envelope in his pocket, and looked around for the slip of paper he had dropped.

He saw it in the gutter a few feet away. Recovering it, he went on to the stationer's, which was only a short distance away. He presented the memorandum to a clerk and received the account book he came after. He thanked the clerk and returned and when he delivered the book to the cashier he found he had to go out again. Mr. Sharp had a note waiting for him to take to the Mills Building. The broker he went to see was not in, and a clerk told Eddie he would probably find him at the Exchange, so to the Exchange the boy went, and asked for Broker Cahn. Cahn was busy in the midst of a crowd of traders who were selling him stock that Eddie found out was M. & N. The price on the board was now 58 5-8. Eddie had to wait until Mr. Cahn left the crowd, then the attache of the Exchange brought him over to the rail, and the boy handed him the note. He read it, dismissed Eddie with a nod and returned toward the M. & N. standard. Eddie hurried back to the office. It was now about one o'clock and when he reached the corridor Sylvie Thorne came out of the office on her way to lunch. The door of Ludlow, Mills & Co. opened at the same time and a dudish-looking young man came out. His name was Algermon Travers, and he was margin clerk for L. M. & Co. He was mashed on Sylvie, with whom he was slightly acquainted. As soon as Travers saw Sylvie he made a break for her.

"Delighted to see you, Miss Thorne," he said effusively.

As she could not return the sentiment, she merely bowed in a distant way and was passing on when Algernon, who didn't propose to lose her so easily, said:

"Going to lunch, I presume?"

"Yes," she answered, coldly.

"I should be delighted to have the honor of accompanying you, Miss Thorne," he said with a smirk of satisfaction. "I am just going to lunch myself."

Sylvie felt decidedly embarrassed, but to her great relief she saw Eddie coming toward them.

Without answering Travers she rushed to the young messenger and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"I've got something to tell you."



"What is it?" asked Eddie.

"Come this way," and she began to drag him down the corridor away from the dudish margin clerk, who came to a pause, apparently much annoyed. "I want to get away from that man," she whispered in his ear.

"All right. Just run down stairs and catch the cage from the next floor; I'll stop him from following you."

They both started for the stairs together, and as they passed Travers Sylvie cried "Good-by" to Eddie and darted down the steps.

At the same moment the elevator up dumped Charley Gates out on the floor. Algernon hastened after the girl.

"Hold on, Mr. Travers, I want to see you a moment," said Eddie, reaching for the clerk's arm, intending to hold him long enough to let Sylvie catch the elevator below. Algernon, intent on overtaking the girl, paid no attention to Eddie's hail. To the boy's vexation he started down the stairs at a rapid clip. A moment later something happened that changed the situation very materially. Algernon stepped on part of a banana peel that some boy had dropped there, and the next moment he was giving a first-class imitation of an amateur acrobat trying to stand on his head. Down the stairs slid and rolled the dude clerk so fast as to take away the breath of the two messengers, who had witnessed his misfortune. His hat flew off and went sailing over the banisters.

"Gee whiz!" gasped Charley. "Did you ever see anything to equal that?"

"We'd better go down and gather up the pieces, hadn't we?" chuckled Eddie.

"Come on. We ought to have a box to put them in."

The boys hastened down the stairs, at the foot of which the dude was picking himself up with a face that looked like seven days of rainy weather.

He was almost a wreck. One side of his tight trousers was split down to the knee, while the back of his coat was rumped up around his neck, and a half-dried chew of tobacco he had gathered up from one of the steps clung, like a huge wart, to the leg of his trousers. To make his misery complete Sylvie had been an astonished eye-witness of his rapid flight from the corridor above, and the racket he made had at first frightened her not a little.

"I say, Mr. Travers, what were you in such a rush about?" grinned Eddie, as he offered to dust the clerk off.

"Wasn't the elevator fast enough for you?" snickered Charley, also offering his services.

"Get away, will you?" roared Algernon, in a great rage, as he contemplated a portion of his ruffled attire, and realized that he couldn't go out on the street in that condition.

"Here's your hat, Mr. Travers," said Eddie, offering it to him politely.

As several persons who came up to take the elevator down began to regard the margin clerk with not a little curiosity, wondering what had happened to him, he turned around, snatched his hat from Eddie, and rushed back up the stairs as if a mad dog was at his heels. After explaining to the people that the young man had lost his footing on the stairs somehow and slid to the bottom of the flight, they returned to the

corridor above, laughing heartily at the dude's discomfiture. When Eddie returned to his seat in the reception-room he thought of the blank envelope he found on Nassau Street. He took it out of his pocket and opened it. Seven new \$100 bills dropped out into his hand.

"My gracious!" gasped the boy, gazing at them in amazement.

### CHAPTER III.—Eddie's First Deal and How It Resulted.

"Seven hundred dollars!" ejaculated Eddie. "Talk about luck! I could afford to be knocked into the middle of any street every day in the week at that rate. But, hold on, this money doesn't belong to me simply because I found it. Somebody lost it. Somebody, maybe, who couldn't afford to lose \$700. But I don't see how I can locate the owner, for there isn't a clue, either inside or out, of this envelope to show who lost the money. The only thing I can do is to watch and see if it is advertised for. If the owner never turns up it will belong to me."

At that moment Mr. Sharp came out of his room and said that he was going to lunch. As soon as he left the office Eddie put on his hat and started for the quick lunch house that he and Charley Gates patronized. While he was eating he heard three broker clerks talking about N. & M. stock. One of them said that he guessed it would go up several points within a few days.

After listening to what these brokers said about the stock, Eddie was more than ever convinced that M. & N. was a good thing to get in on near the ground floor.

On his way back to the office he told himself that it wouldn't be a bad idea for him to borrow, as it were, enough of the money he had found to put up on margin to secure 100 shares of M. & N. The chances of winning seemed to be all in his favor, and in this way he could probably acquire a stake of \$400 or \$500 without taking any great risk with the cash that he could scarcely call his own until he had exhausted every reasonable effort to find the person who had lost it. The idea was very enticing to Eddie, and before he went home that afternoon he determined to make the venture.

Eddie said nothing to his mother or sister that night about the money he had found, as he wanted to surprise them with the profits he confidently expected to reap out of M. & N. in a short time. Next day, whenever he found the chance, he took a look at the tape to see what further developments there were in the stock he was interested in. Its activity continued, and nearly every broker of any importance had orders from one or more of his customers to buy it. As a result the stock advanced to 61 that day, which fact gave Eddie a good deal of satisfaction. He had looked in all the papers that morning to see if the \$700 was advertised for, but saw nothing to show that it was. On the following day he did not fail to consult the lost and found column of several newspapers, but there was nothing doing. There was considerable doing, however, in M. & N., and the price ad-



vanced to 63, by the time the Exchange closed, at three.

"I see that M. & N. is looking up," said Charley, when the two boys met after office hours that day. "You'll find that it will be up to 70 in a day or two."

"I hope so!" replied Eddie, emphatically.

"You hope so!" said Charley. "You said that just as if you had a strong interest in the rise."

"So I have."

"In what way? You're not in on any deal."

"How do you know I'm not?"

"Because you couldn't get in without money."

"That's right; but I might have borrowed enough to let me in on 100 shares."

"One hundred shares! Why don't you call it 1,000 while you're about it?"

"I wouldn't be telling the truth."

"But are you telling the truth when you try to make me believe that you have gone long on 100? That would take about \$600 to cover the margin. Now where would you be able to borrow \$600?"

"I'm not giving away all my secrets, Charley," chuckled Eddie.

"I wouldn't if I were you," grinned Gates. "I only wish I knew where to borrow enough to buy ten shares of M. & N. I'd be satisfied with that number."

"So you think the chances are good of the stock going to 70."

"Sure. Just wait till the news I told you gets out and you'll see it go up to that figure."

"I agree with you. Some people are going to make a lot of money out of the rise."

"Bet your life they are. I feel sorry that I'm not one of the number. I guess I must have been born unlucky."

After that the conversation changed to another topic. Charley didn't believe that Eddie had raised the money to buy even ten shares of M. & N., let alone 100. He figured his friend's statement up as a case of jolly. Eddie knew that Charley hadn't taken the matter seriously and he did not take the trouble to prove it to him, so the subject rested as it was. Two days later the news that the Louisville Southern Railroad had got control of the M. & N. road was published in all the papers with official confirmation.

There was an immediate rush by the brokers to buy shares of both roads, particularly the latter. This created a whole lot of excitement for a while at the Exchange. L. S. went to 80 and M. & N. boomed up to 72. Eddie then ordered his shares to be sold. They were snapped up at 72 3-8, and he figured up a profit on his little deal of \$1,200. Perhaps he wasn't a happy boy.

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Magic Pocketbook.

On the following day he got his check from the bank enclosed with a statement of account. On his way back from lunch he went to the bank and turned the check in for a certificate of deposit for \$1,000, and \$800 cash. He put \$200 in his pocket to take home to his mother, and the balance he added to the \$100 he had not touched of the money he found. He enclosed the \$700 in an envelope, addressed it to himself and

placed it in the office safe, there to await a possible claimant.

"Mother, do you want any money?" he asked at the supper table that night.

"I haven't seen the time since your poor father died that I didn't want it," she replied.

"How much would put you on Easy street for a while?"

"On Easy street?"

"Yes, how much would pay all your debts, present and for the month, and leave you with a balance that you could spend on yourself?"

"I really couldn't say, Eddie; but if somebody liberally disposed made me a present of \$50 it would be a welcome addition to my slender resources."

"Do I look like a person of that kind?" smiled the boy.

"You! Why do you ask such a funny question?"

"Because I was thinking of presenting you with a sum of money which I think you can use to better advantage than I at present."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed his sister Edith. "One would think he had suddenly become a capitalist by the way he talks."

"Perhaps I have, puss," replied Eddie. "Lots of strange things happen in this world."

"But the acquisition of a roll of bankbills is not likely to happen to us," replied his sister.

"People, especially little girls, should never be to positive of anything," chuckled Eddie.

"Well, I like your nerve calling me a little girl. I'm big enough to earn money in Wall Street as well as you."

"That's true, and big enough to have a beau, too," laughed Eddie.

"I haven't any beau," flushed Edith.

"What's the matter with Charley? He calls here two or three times a week."

"He doesn't call to see me."

"Who does he call to see?"

"You, of course."

"Don't you believe it. I'm only the excuse. He comes to see you."

"He does not," blushed Edith.

"What are you blushing about?"

"Mother, make Eddie stop teasing me."

"All right. We'll get back to the original subject. Would \$200 satisfy you for the present, mother?"

"Two hundred dollars!" ejaculated his mother. "I only wish I had so much."

"Well, I think there should be no difficulty in your getting that much. Here is a pocketbook I bought this afternoon. It is a magic one."

"A magic one!" exclaimed his sister.

"That's what I said."

"What is there magic about it?"

"You see it has a silver clasp, don't you? On that clasp, if you will examine it, are stamped the figures of a huntsman and a hare."

"Let me see," said Edith, reaching for it. "So there are. Aren't they cute?"

"Hold on, Edith," said Eddie, as she was about to open the wallet. "Don't open it yet."

"Why not?"

"You'll spoil the magic if you open it without wishing. Besides, you mustn't open it, anyway. That's for mother to do. She wants \$200, she says."



"How is she going to get it?"

"She must make a wish in rhyme, and use the words 'silver huntsman' and 'silver hare,' also '\$200,' then when she opens the pocketbook she'll find the money."

"Isn't that too ridiculous for anything!" cried Edith.

"Go on, mother," said Eddie. "Hold the pocketbook in your right hand and make the rhyming wish."

The little mother laughed and declared that she couldn't make a rhyme to save her life.

"Make one for her, Edith. You're pretty clever."

"You just want to make a fool of mother," objected the girl. "Just as if she'd find \$200 in that wallet after making such a nonsensical wish."

"There's no nonsense about \$200," answered Eddie. "Go on and make a rhyme, Edith, so that mother can get the money she wants. Maybe she'll give you a nickel then for your trouble."

"I'm not going to do any such thing. You want to have the laugh on me," pouted the girl.

"No, I don't. If you make a good rhyme I'll guarantee mother will find the money in the wallet."

"If I believed anything so preposterous I'd sit up all night trying to make it, but I know better."

"Well, just try for fun," said Eddie, persuasively.

Edith thought a moment.

"I've got one," she cried, clapping her hands.

"Let's have it, then."

"Silver huntsman, silver rabbit, give me \$200 and I'll grab it."

"That isn't a rabbit, you goose, that's a hare," laughed Eddie. "Make another."

"Silver huntsman, silver hare——"

"Why don't you go on?" said Eddie, as Edith stopped, not knowing what else to say.

"Silver huntsman, silver hare, make \$200 appear. There, now isn't that good enough?" said the girl.

"We'll have to see. Open the pocketbook, mother, and see if the magic has worked," said Eddie.

Mrs. Scott opened the wallet, and there, stuck in one of the compartments, were two brand-new yellow-back bills. She mechanically took them out, and behold! each one was marked \$100. Perhaps mother and daughter were not amazed.

"Why, Eddie Scott!" cried his sister. "Where did that money come from?"

"From the pocketbook, of course. Where else?" he chuckled.

"Where did you get that pocketbook and that money, Eddie? Did you find them?"

"No. I bought that wallet on Broadway."

"But the money?"

"I made that out of a lucky deal in the stock market."

The little mother was overjoyed to find herself in possession of what seemed to her a large sum of money. She declared that Eddie must be an uncommonly smart boy to be able to make so much money over and above his wages. Her son laughed, told her he would expect to see her dressed up like a lady after this, and then put on his hat and went out.

## CHAPTER V.—A Rascally Piece of Business.

For a couple of weeks Eddie watched the lost and found columns in the leading newspapers every day, but no advertisement referring to the lost \$700 appeared.

"I guess that money will never be inquired after," he said to himself. "It's been a lucky find for me, all right, for it's put \$1,200 into my pocket so far, and is liable to put more than that there in the long run. It turned up just when it was of the most use. Such things don't often happen in this world, at least not to my knowledge. I think I may as well consider that money as good as belonging to me now. However, as I have no particular use for it at present I'll let it remain in the safe."

Eddie's reflections were interrupted by Mr. Sharp's bell calling him inside.

"Here is a note that I want you to take to Mr. Bennett," said the old broker.

"All right, sir," and Eddie started for the Pluto Building, wondering what kind of a reception he would get from Walker Bennett.

Mr. Bennett's office was on the fifth floor back, and he occupied a suite of two rooms, the smaller of which he used as a private office. His clerical force consisted of two clerks, who filled in their time at tall desks, and a diminutive red-headed office boy, who also carried his messages.

Walker Bennett was a pretty slick trader in his way, but his way wasn't greatly admired by those who knew his methods. It happened that a few days before the opening of our story a widow in reduced circumstances, who, after her husband's death, had invested her small means in a boarding house, had found in an old trunk a bunch of copper mining stock certificates. They represented 5,000 shares of the Montana Copper Mining Company.

It happened that she saw Walker Bennett's advertisement in an afternoon paper, and next day she carried the certificates to his office and instituted inquiries. Mr. Bennett, who knew right away what they were worth, saw that she was ignorant of their value, and he offered her fifty cents a share for them. As this was a great deal more than she expected to get, she joyfully accepted his offer. Mr. Bennett's bank account happened to be down to rock bottom at the time and he told her to come back in an hour and he would have the money for her. As soon as she had gone he took the certificates over to his bank and raised a loan of \$15,000 on them. In the meantime the lady, whose name was Wise, accidentally met one of Mr. Sharp's clerks on the street as she came out of the Pluto Building. He had formerly boarded with her, and he stopped to talk with her. Incidentally she mentioned that she had come down to Wall Street to sell 5,000 shares of Montana Copper Mining Company stock, which she had found in a disused trunk.

"Five thousand shares!" exclaimed the clerk, in surprise. "Allow me to congratulate you on such a valuable discovery. It is only within the last year that they have become really valuable. To tell you the truth, I think you ought to hold on to them. It is my opinion they will be worth \$10 a share six months from now."



"Ten dollars a share!" exclaimed Mrs. Wise, in astonishment.

"Certainly. Copper is going up, and the Montana mine is turning out a fine grade of ore. It has jumped from \$1 to \$5 a share inside of the last fourteen months."

"I do not understand you," said the widow, rather bewildered. "Mr. Bennett offered me fifty cents a share for the stock, and as I did not expect to get anything like that much I accepted his offer."

"Fifty cents, Mrs. Wise!" cried the clerk. "Why that is ridiculous. The stock is worth \$5 a share this moment. Are you sure it is Montana Copper? You must have made a mistake in the name. No reputable broker would try to swindle you in that way."

"I am sure the name of the mine is the Montana Copper Company."

"Then I cannot understand how any broker would offer you only fifty cents a share. Who is the broker?"

"Mr. Walker Bennett. I saw his advertisement in the 'Evening Moon' yesterday."

"Walker Bennett, eh? Will you be advised by me, Mrs. Wise?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dean."

"Then come with me and I will introduce you to Mr. Sharp, my employer. He's an old broker of many years standing in the Street. You may rely on his judgment. If Mr. Bennett paid you only fifty cents a share for Montana Copper stock that is worth \$5 a share I have no doubt but you can proceed against him in the courts."

"He hasn't paid me the money yet. He told me he would have it in an hour."

Mrs. Wise, greatly flustered, accompanied Dean to Mr. Sharp's office, and the clerk introduced her to the old gentleman, at the same time telling him of the transaction that the widow said she had had with Walker Bennett. Mr. Sharp then took up the matter, but he had an idea that lady must have made some mistake in the name of the stock, for though he knew that Bennett did not bear the best of reputations, he could scarcely believe that he had tried to perpetrate such a swindle on the widow.

After talking to her a while he advised her to return to Mr. Bennett and call the deal off, assuring her that if the stock was really Montana Copper he would sell it for her at the present market price of \$5 a share. For fear that Mr. Bennett might resort to any bull-doing tactics, in the event that the stock was Montana Copper, he delegated Dean to go with her. Bennett was waiting for her with his check already made out. She refused to accept it and said that she had reconsidered her purpose of selling the stock, asking him to return it.

This he could not do, then, even if he was disposed to do so, as he had put the certificates up as security for the loan he had got at the bank. He insisted that a deal was a deal and again tendered her his check. Then Dean chipped in and asked him what he meant by only offering fifty cents a share for stock worth \$5. Bennett immediately told Dean that it was none of his business what he offered for the stock. Dean demanded the return of the certificates. The broker refused to give them up.

"All right," replied Dean. "As this lady has

sold that stock to Mr. Sharp at the market you will have to reckon with him. Come, Mrs. Wise, we will go."

Dean took the widow back to his office and reported to Mr. Sharp.

"Do you wish to sell your stock to me at \$5 a share, Mrs. Wise?" asked the old trader.

"Gladly," she replied.

"Give me an order on Mr. Walker Bennett for the shares and I will give you my check for \$1,000 on account. When I receive the certificates the balance of the money will be sent you. Is that satisfactory, madam?"

"Perfectly," she answered.

She made out the order, accepted the check, and then took her departure. When Eddie Scott came in shortly afterward Mr. Sharp wrote a demand on Bennett for the certificates and sent Eddie over with it. Bennett read the note and told the boy to get out of the office, as we described in the opening of the story. Shortly after Bennett called in person on the old trader to argue the matter. Mr. Sharp handled him without gloves and threatened him with arrest.

That brought Bennett down from his high horse, and he agreed to deliver the stock in a day or two, as soon as he got it back from the bank. He didn't keep his word, but sent his messenger around to Mr. Sharp and asked for more time, on the ground that he had been obliged to use the money he had received for the stock to save himself in some deal he claimed to be interested in, and requested an extension of ten days. Mr. Sharp granted it, but as that period had more than elapsed, he felt obliged to send Eddie around a second time with a peremptory demand for the stock.

## CHAPTER VI.—How Eddie Got a Tip.

"I wonder if he'll fire me out bodily this time," chuckled Eddie, as he took the elevator in the Pluto Building and asked the operator to let him out at the fifth floor.

When he entered Walker Bennett's office the red-headed office boy came forward and asked him his business.

"I want to see Mr. Bennett," said Eddie.

"He's engaged. You'll have to wait."

"How long will I have to wait?"

"Dunno," replied the boy.

"S'pose you take this note in and ask him for an answer," said Eddie.

"Couldn't do it."

"Why not? It's important, and I can't wait all day."

The boy made no reply, but walked over to his chair.

"I s'pose I'll have to wait," muttered Eddie.

He walked over to an open window next to the private office. It looked out on a wide well or space between the Pluto Building and another that fronted on Pine Street. Leaning over the sill, the boy began to watch a pretty typewriter across the open space. Suddenly he heard Bennett's voice in the private room, the window of which was also wide open.

"You are sure your information is correct, Oxley?" he said.



"Positively," replied the man named Oxley. "My brother-in-law is secretary of the company. He gave me the tip not an hour ago. The S. & W. has been prospecting this land for the better part of a year, in fact, ever since it took title to the property. An immense bed of the finest red-ash coal has been discovered. It will add millions to the assets of the road, and send its securities above par as sure as you are standing there. You can't do better than by S. & W. if you have to borrow the money to do it with. It is a perfectly safe risk on margin, for the stock will never be lower than it is to-day. You can gamble on that with absolute certainty. In less than a week the stock will be ten points higher, and it will stay there. If you want any of it you'll have to get busy at once, for the directors and their friends have brokers looking for the stock all through the Street.

"I'll do what I can, but I'm pretty well strapped at present, for I'm in head over heels on a couple of deals that are not yet ripe for selling. To make things worse, I expect to hear any moment from that old scoundrel Sharp, who has me on the hip in a matter of 5,000 shares of Montana Copper which I have not paid for, but have hypothecated with the Wall Street Trust Company for a \$15,000 loan. I've a great mind to sell the stock and take the chances of making a settlement later."

"I would. Put the money into S. & W. on margin and you'll make enough to settle with your man twice over."

"I'm afraid he won't wait, for I haven't kept my agreement with him. He's one of those methodical old chaps that wants his pound of flesh down on the nail."

"Go and see him and compromise for more time."

"I doubt if I'll be able to do anything with him."

"Nonsense! You ought to be able to square things with him. He's an old man. Make a date after office hours when there's little chance of your being interrupted, if you have to——"

"Have to what?"

"You ought to know without my telling you."

"Make it plainer, please, Oxley."

Oxley said something in a low tone that Eddie didn't catch. There was silence for a moment or two, then Bennett said:

"By George! I will if he drives me to it. If he gives me a chance to pull out on this matter of S. & W., well and good; if he doesn't—well, there'll be something doing, that's all."

"That's right," encouraged Oxley. "If you can't raise the money any other way sell those Montana Copper shares and buy S. & W. In a week you'll be on Easy Street. I'll guarantee that."

"I'll follow your advice, Oxley," said Bennett. "I know you're a good friend of mine. You've done me favors before this. You haven't pressed me, either, for that I. O. U. that I owe you, and I shan't forget it. I'll square up when I make the riffle."

"Of course you will. I know you're good for it. Besides, I'm ready to give you a chance to win it back again whenever you choose to have another quiet little game."

"All right, Oxley, I'll go you as soon as I get on my feet again."

"Well, I'm off. Don't forget to act on the hint I gave you if you're forced into a corner. Bite back, old man, and bite hard."

With those words Oxley came out of the private room and headed for the door. Eddie turned around and looked at him. He was a stout, aggressive-looking man, with a full face and jowls like a bull dog. He looked like a high liver, and a man accustomed to having his own way. After he was gone Eddie walked into the inner office and was greeted by Broker Bennett with a scowl. He remembered the boy and knew the errand he came upon. Snatching the envelope out of his hand, Bennett read the enclosure. Eddie could see that he didn't like the contents for a cent.

Instead of ordering the boy out, however, he drew a pad towards him and after a moment's thought wrote a reply, which he enclosed in one of his own envelopes, addressing it to Matthew Sharp, and handed it to the young messenger without a word. Eddie was quite pleased to get off so easily. On the way back to the office he turned over in his mind what he had accidentally heard through the open window. He was particularly interested in the matter of S. & W. It was evidently a first class tip he had got hold of, and he decided to avail himself of it at once. He also pondered a bit over that part of the conversation between Walker Bennett and Oxley which evidently had reference to Mr. Sharp.

Eddie didn't like the tone of it, and was half inclined to believe that Mr. Bennett had decidedly unfriendly intentions toward the old broker. Now Eddie didn't know anything about the Montana Copper Mining Company certificates, nor that Mr. Sharp was engaged in righting a wrong that had been worked on the widow named Wise, to the extent at least of keeping her out of her stock for as long a time as Mr. Bennett could manage to do it while he was getting the good out of the money he had raised upon the certificates at his bank. But he was sharp enough to understand that 5,000 shares of Montana stock was evidently the cause of the friction between his employer and Broker Bennett. Bennett had admitted to Oxley that he had hypothecated the 5,000 shares which he had not paid for, and even said that he had a mind to sell the stock to raise additional funds for the deal in S. & W.

Eddie had little doubt but that his errand to Mr. Bennett's office had direct reference to the Montana Copper stock, and he wondered if it wasn't his duty to tell Mr. Sharp what he had overheard in connection therewith. This, however, would bring out the fact that he had been listening at the open window to conversation not intended for his ears, and the boy, now that the thing was over, began to feel rather ashamed at having accidentally played the part of an eavesdropper, and he felt a natural backwardness about bringing the circumstances to his employer's attention. When he entered Mr. Sharp's presence with his answer from Mr. Bennett he was still undecided whether to mention what he had heard or not. Finally he returned to his seat outside without speaking about it. His attention was once more turned to a matter of more importance in his mind—namely, the tip he had picked up on S. & W. He looked up the



previous day's market report and found that the stock was going at 84.

"I have cash enough to put up the necessary margin on 200 shares," he said to himself. "Then if it goes up ten points I'll clear \$2,000 profit. That would be fine. Nothing like getting in on the ground floor. The only way to deal in stocks is to buy when they're low and sell out when they go up as high as you think it is safe to hold on."

When he went to lunch he stopped in at the little bank on Nassau Street, taking the envelope along with the \$700 to add to the certificate of deposit he held against the bank. After an interview with the margin clerk he came away with the memorandum of the transaction in his pocket. He met Charley going into the quick lunch house, and, catching him by the arm, they went in together and took adjoining seats at the counter.

"Beef stew for me," ordered Gates.

"I'll take the same," said Eddie, "though I'd rather have boned turkey, but I don't see it on the bill of fare."

The girl who took the order laughed and went down behind the counter to get the two beef stews.

"What did you give the girl that jolly for?" asked Charley. "You wouldn't know boned turkey if you saw it."

"How do you know I wouldn't?" replied Eddie.

"Because you've never had any in your life."

"Is that so, smarty? You don't know how often I've lunched at Del's."

"When you lunch at Del's I'll expect to hear that rooster stop crowing."

"Just wait till my ship comes in and I'll take you there and treat you to a swell meal."

"When do you expect your ship to come in?" grinned Charley.

"When S. & W. goes within hailing distance of par."

"S. & W. What have you to do with S. & W.?"

"I'm long on 200 shares."

"You are—I don't think," replied Charley, sarcastically.

"You seem to be getting into the fashion of doubting my word lately. What have I done to deserve such incredulity on your part?"

"You can't jolly me for a copper coin, Eddie Scott. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

"One would think you had whiskers to hear you talk."

"Don't worry about me. Here's your stew. Eat it and be thankful you've got the price in your pocket."

"You never asked me how I came out on that 100 shares of M. & N.," said Eddie, after the stew had disappeared from both plates.

"More jolly. If you had had the dough to put up on 100 shares of M. & N. you'd have made enough to start yourself up in the business as a broker."

"Would you become a broker on a capital of \$1,200?"

"Hardly."

"Then what do you mean by your remark?"

"Just wind—the same kind as you're giving me."

"Then you don't believe I made \$1,200 on M. & N.?"

"Not on your life, I don't."

"And you don't believe I'm long on 200 S. & W. at this moment?"

"Nixy."

"I could prove it to you if I wanted to, but I wouldn't take the trouble."

"I wouldn't," chuckled Charley. "What kind of pie are you going to finish up on?"

"I know what kind you ought to eat."

"What kind?"

"Lemon. Next time you come around to the house I'll tell Edith to hand you—a large and juicy one."

Charley thumped Eddie in the ribs, and a few minutes afterwards they paid their checks and walked back to their offices.

## CHAPTER VII.—What Eddie Saw Through the Keyhole

In the ground corridor they found Algernon Travers waiting for the elevator. He pretended that he didn't see the boys. Eddie had only seen him once at a distance since the banana peel incident. Sylvie Thorne, much to her satisfaction, hadn't seen him at all. The margin clerk looked as dudish as ever, and seemed to have fully recovered from the discomfiture he had experienced on that occasion.

He entered the elevator first, the boys followed, and the man in charge was about to close the door when Sylvie appeared.

"Hello, Sylvie," said Eddie. "Going up?"

"Yes."

"So is the market, I believe."

"Aren't you witty?"

"Don't you observe the intellectual countenance of my friend Gates?"

"Why, how do you do, Charley?" she said, with a laugh.

"I do everybody I know if I get a chance," chuckled Gates.

"Don't mind him, Sylvie," said Eddie. "He was born that way; but he's perfectly harmless."

"Fine day, Miss Thorne," chipped in Travers, at this moment. "Charmed to see you looking so well."

Sylvie glanced in the dude's direction, made a slight bow, but said nothing.

"Why, hello, Mr. Travers, delighted to see that you have recovered from your accident on the staircase," said Eddie, loudly.

The margin clerk returned this greeting with a scowl. Then the elevator stopped and they all got out. Sylvie hurried ahead for fear that Travers would try to engage her in conversation, while the margin clerk stalked toward his office with great dignity. The boys followed more slowly, laughing at the dude, and finally entered their offices.

"Eddie," said Mr. Sharp, when the boy returned from the bank a few minutes after three, "I want you to take a letter over to Jersey City. There will be an answer, or a package. If the latter, bring it here, as I shall want to put it in



the safe. If you should happen to be detained I'll wait for you till six. I have got to stay down anyway, as I expect Mr. Bennett here at five."

"All right, sir," replied the young messenger, taking the note and starting for the Cortlandt street ferry.

The envelope was addressed to a firm of mining brokers in Jersey City. Three-quarters of an hour later Eddie delivered the note to the head of the firm.

"Take a seat outside, young man," said the mining broker. "I'll have to send one of my clerks for the package."

Eddie picked up a newspaper and began to read to pass the time. While he was thus engaged, with his chair tilted back against the wooden partition which separated the private office from the general business room, a stout man came in and asked for the head of the firm. He was shown into the inner room.

"Good afternoon, Townsend," said the newcomer, in a loud voice that penetrated the partition and reached Eddie's ears. "I've got a tip for you."

"Sit down, Carson, and let's hear what it is," said Townsend.

At the word "tip" Eddie pricked up his ears. "You've heard of the Red Top, haven't you?" said Carson. "It's been a sort of shuttlecock for the New York Curb for the past six months."

"Yes. What about it?"

"I've just had a private letter from a friend in Goldfield who is superintendent for the company. He says they've struck a lead in a cross-cut that will beat anything in the district for values. He advises me to pick up as many shares as I can in the Eastern markets, for the stock is bound to go up to \$2 or \$3 a share within a month or so. It is now selling at sixty cents, and weak at that. What do you say to going in with me on this thing? There are a whole lot of shares floating around here and in New York. I haven't capital enough to spare to handle as much of them as I'd like, and I hate to see a good thing go to waste."

"I'm with you, Carson, if you can make it plain to me that you've got good, solid facts to back you up."

"I'll show you the letter. You can read it and form your own conclusions."

There was an interval of silence during which Broker Townsend read the letter produced by his visitor.

"That looks all right," he said. "I'll go in with you on this, but I guess there's no need of any rush. I'm on a big deal that I expect to wind up by the end of the week. By that time Red Top may be down to fifty cents a share. It looks weak in the knees to me at present. Suppose we let things rest till, say next Wednesday, and then I'll be ready to sail in with you and corral all the shares in sight?"

"That suits me," replied Carson. "I know where I can put my hands on 20,000 shares at this moment. Caldwell, up the street, has 5,000; Blakeley has 5,000 and Murphy, of No. — Broad street, New York, has 10,000. There are 20,000 or more shares scattered about among the Broad street Curb brokers. We must figure on

taking in all that as quietly as possible. I count on making \$100,000 profit between us, and that is worth while."

"I should say it was," answered Townsend.

They continued to talk a while longer on the matter, and then Carson got up and took his leave. Half an hour had elapsed and the clerk had not yet returned with the bundle Eddie was to take back to the office. While pretending to read the paper his mind was busy over the pointer on Red Top Gold Mining Co. shares.

"If I wasn't in on S. & W. to the extent of my little capital I'd jump right in and get ahead of these gentlemen who have the tip. I could put up the margin on nearly 30,000 shares at 60, and could steer the bank onto the brokers who hold 20,000. Still it wouldn't do to go the whole hog, for the stock might drop to fifty cents, as Mr. Townsend here hinted. No, 20,000 shares would be as many as I could safely handle on margin. But what's the use talking? My money is tied up for the next week or ten days probably, and by that time Red Top will be gobbled up by Mr. Carson and his friend Townsend. The only thing I can do will be to get out of S. & W. as soon as possible and then try and get any Red Top that may happen to be left. I wish that clerk would come in with that package. It's going on to five now, and I want to get back to the office."

Eddie had to wait fifteen minutes longer before the clerk returned. He had to sign a receipt for ten Reading Railroad First Mortgage bonds, that were in the package, and then he started for New York. It was half-past five when Eddie struck Wall Street, and ten minutes later he was at the door of his office.

The main door was locked, as he expected it might be, for he knew the clerical force had been gone some time before. As he knew that Mr. Sharp was waiting for him he went to the door of the private office opening on the corridor and knocked. He thought he heard a movement of some one inside, and he waited patiently for his employer to let him in. The door was not opened, however, and, thinking that Mr. Sharp had not heard him, he knocked again, louder than before.

This time not a sound came from the other side of the door. All was silent, and no one came to open the door.

"I wonder if he could have gone home?" Eddie asked himself. "He said this package had to be locked in the safe, and that he'd wait here till six o'clock. It wants nearly thirty minutes of six yet. It isn't at all like Mr. Sharp to go off when he said he would stay. I'll knock again."

He knocked for the third time, and the result was the same as before.

"I wish I could see the desk where he sits through the keyhole, but it isn't in line with it, being at the window."

However, Eddie decided to look through the keyhole, anyway. He stooped and applied his eyes to the opening. What he saw caused him to give a gasp almost of horror. He was looking right at the door which opened from the private room into the reception-room. Suspended against that door, with his arms bound behind his back and a handkerchief tied across his mouth, was



Matthew Sharp. His ankles were also secured by a cord. He was at least two feet from the floor, with his bald head nearly on a level with the top of the door. In his first excitement Eddie thought the old broker had committed suicide. A moment's reflection told him that he couldn't very well have hanged himself and tied himself up in that fashion, too. In fact, it was clearly impossible that he could have secured his hands behind his back. Then, too, he could see by certain feeble movements that Mr. Sharp was not dead.

Also that the rope by which he was suspended was not around his neck, but about his chest. It was secured at the top by being jammed in the closed door.

"There have been burglars here," thought Eddie. "They found the old man at his desk and trussed him up in that fashion to prevent him giving an alarm. I must call the janitor, get in and cut him down."

As Eddie was removing his eye from the keyhole he saw a man's leg appear for a moment in his line of vision.

"Gosh! There's some one in there. Must be the rascal who did the deed. I'll have to summon more than the janitor. We've got to capture him."

He took another look through the keyhole, when to his utter amazement the man inside walked right up to the suspended broker and shook his fist in his face. It wasn't that act that astonished the boy, but the fact that he recognized the intruder. It was Walker Bennett, of the Pluto Building up the street.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Eddie Makes a Haul Out of S. & W.

"My gracious! Walker Bennett!" gasped Eddie. "This is his work, then. What a rascal he is. He's evidently trying to get back at the old man. That man Oxley, who gave him the tip on S. & W., put him up to this. I'll bet. I remember I heard him say 'bite back' and bite hard.' All right, Mr. Bennett, I'll see if I can do you up this trip. I'll get the janitor and one of his assistants to land on you like a car full of bricks."

Thus speaking, Eddie hastened away to get help. He didn't have to go far, as it happened. A number of brokers who had been holding a meeting in one of the offices on that floor came out as Eddie was passing the door. He recognized Brokers Frank Fox and Joseph Adams among them.

"Mr. Fox and gentlemen, I'd like your attention a moment," he cried in a tone and manner that attracted their immediate notice.

"What is it, young man?" asked Broken Fox. "You're Sharp's messenger, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he hurriedly told them what was going on in Mr. Sharp's private office. Needless to say, they were greatly astonished.

"Walk up there and take a look through the keyhole, Mr. Fox, and you will see that I haven't overstated the facts," said Eddie.

The broker did so, while the rest followed at

a distance. Mr. Fox had no difficulty in finding out that the boy had told the truth. As he came back the janitor's assistant, who looked after that floor, appeared.

"You've got a key that will open that door, haven't you?" said Mr. Fox to him, after he was told that crooked work was going on in the room.

"Sure I have," he replied.

"Then come along," said Fox. "Open it up and we'll catch the man before he can escape."

The janitor walked softly up to the door, followed by Eddie and the brokers, inserted the key and suddenly threw the door open.

As the crowd rushed into the room, and Brokers Fox and Adams seized Bennett, Eddie rushed across the room, sprang upon a chair and, whisking a jackknife out of his pocket, cut the old broker down from the door. Then the boy cut his arms and ankles loose, and tore the handkerchief from his mouth. The old man was almost done up, and Eddie had to support him in the chair. It was several minutes before he could speak, and while the other brokers gathered about him, Fox and Adams maintained a firm hold on the struggling Bennett. The janitor went to the broker's desk, put the telephone receiver to his ear and communicated with the nearest police station. When Mr. Sharp recovered his speech he said that after a short business interview with Walker Bennett the latter suddenly flew into a rage and knocked him down. While he was half-dazed the broker produced a rope, gagged and bound him, and then hoisted him up against the door. Then he proceeded to try and achieve his purpose by threatening him with more severe measures. To what extreme he might have gone if he had not been interrupted by the entrance of the rescue party Mr. Sharp could not say, but he knew that Bennett was in an ugly humor, and seemed capable of inflicting any kind of an indignity on him. Broker Fox demanded of Walker Bennett what he meant by assaulting such an old man as Mr. Sharp in so cruel a way. Bennett, however, refused to make any excuse for his conduct, remaining stubbornly silent. A couple of policemen presently appeared from the station, and Matthew Sharp requested them to arrest Bennett on the charge of murderous assault.

With Eddie he went to the station and made the charge in due form. Bennett had nothing to say, and was locked up. Before he was put into the cell he handed an officer a dollar bill to telephone his predicament to his lawyer at his home. Next morning he was brought before the magistrate of the Tombs Police Court for examination. The evidence was so strong against him that he was held under heavy bail for the action of the Grand Jury. Two brokers, particular friends of his, went on his bail bond and he was released, pending his trial. That afternoon he recovered the Montana Copper certificates and sent them to Mr. Sharp. Mr. Sharp felt very grateful to Eddie for being the means of having him relieved from his painful situation, and he presented him with his check for \$500 as a small evidence of his appreciation. Of course the incident was in the newspapers, and Eddie came in for his share of public notice in connection therewith. A procession of traders



came to Mr. Sharp's office that day to congratulate him over his escape from what might have proved a very serious matter to a man of his advanced age, and to try and find out the real cause for the assault. Most of them had something to say to Eddie, and he made the personal acquaintance of more brokers that day than ever before since he had been in Wall Street. Charley met him out on an errand and stopped him with a whack on the back.

"Say, your boss was up against it hard yesterday afternoon, wasn't he?" said Gates.

"Yes, he had rather a strenuous experience for a while."

"How was it that you happened to come on the scene at the right moment? I never knew you to be down town as late as that."

"Well, you see I was over to Jersey City on an errand, and had orders to return to the office. Mr. Sharp said he would remain there up to six o'clock. He had an appointment with Walker Bennett at five."

"That's the man who assaulted him?"

"That's right. He's the broker I called on that morning I met you at the elevator in the Pluto Building."

"He is the man that told you to get out of his office when you asked for an answer to the note you brought?"

"Correct."

"He must be a fierce proposition."

"He isn't an angel by any means."

"What was yesterday's trouble about?"

"Something in relation to Montana Copper stock. I couldn't say just what."

"Bennett was a fool. He's got himself into serious trouble without gaining his point, whatever that was."

"I hope he'll get it in the neck when he's tried. A chap who will do what he did to old Mr. Sharp ought to get twenty years."

There wasn't anything particular doing in S. & W. that day, nor the day after, but on the third day it advanced a point, and on Saturday morning another, closing at 86. On Sunday the papers published the news of the coal discovery, and on Monday there was great excitement around the standard of the stock. Brokers fell over one another in their eagerness to buy S. & W. shares, and as a consequence the stock boomed. At the hour the Exchange closed it was going at 94. Eddie let his holdings go next day at 98, clearing about \$2,800, which made him worth, altogether, \$5,000.

## CHAPTER IX.—Eddie Gets In On Red Top.

As soon as Eddie got his statement and check in settlement of his S. & W. deal he lost no time in getting in on the Red Top Mining matter.

The stock had dropped to 55, and at that figure he gave an order to the bank to buy 40,000 shares if they could be gotten. The market value of the shares was \$22,000, and Eddie put up \$2,200 in margin. He told the bank clerk where he believed 20,000 shares could be picked up, and said he guessed the balance could be found among the Broad Street Club brokers and the Jersey City traders. The bank's representative

got on the job at once, and succeeded in finding the required 40,000 shares before noon on the following day. Then Eddie was notified by letter that the bank had secured the shares and held them to his order.

Two days later Townsend and Carson started in to buy the stock, and then found to their astonishment that there was scarcely any to be got. They ascertained the name of the broker who had done the buying for the bank, and Townsend called on him to try and find out for whom the trader had made the purchases. He told Mr. Townsend that he bought the stock to fill an order he had received from the little bank on Nassau Street. Mr. Townsend then went to the little bank and interviewed the cashier. The cashier declined to disclose the identity of the person for whom the bank was acting, but said that if the trader wanted any of the stock, and would give sixty cents for the whole or any part of the bank's purchases, and left his office address in Jersey City for the cashier to use in communicating with him. The cashier immediately sent Eddie word of the offer the bank had received for his stock. The boy was at no loss to guess who had made the offer, and declined to sell the stock at all, for he knew neither Townsend nor Carson would pay what he intended holding out for. His refusal to sell the stock was duly forwarded to Mr. Townsend, who then, after a consultation with Carson, made an offer of seventy-five cents a share. This was a high price for the stock as the record of Red Top stood, and the bank expected that Eddie would grab at it at once. When Townsend and Carson learned that their high offer had been refused they were satisfied that somebody in New York had learned of the developments in the Red Top mine, and that they were out of the good thing. They made a canvass of all the brokers in Jersey City and New York who handled mining stock and succeeded in finding 12,000 shares, and this was the best they could do. They gave an average price of sixty-five cents a share for it, as the price had advanced that much on the Goldfield Exchange. About the close of the following week the news was published of the rich strike in Red Top, and there was a scramble among the New York and Jersey City mining brokers to buy some of it. Those brokers who had sold to the bank's broker, and to Townsend and Carson, now kicked themselves for letting the stock get away from them. They tried their best to get a portion of it back and found that it was now scarcer than hen's teeth. They could not imagine where it had all disappeared to of a sudden, for only two weeks before they could pick it up anywhere from fifty-seven to sixty cents a share. They figured that some parties had secured information about the strike in the mine, and that these parties had cornered all that was in sight, which was in point of fact the truth. The insiders in Goldfield had bought up all they could get, and the result was a dollar and over was bid for it in any quantity on the Goldfield Exchange without any of the stock coming to the surface. As it was known that some 60,000 or 70,000 shares of Red Top had been sold in the East, and that these shares were understood to be floating around New York and Jersey City, the Eastern brokers received orders from Gold-



field to pick it up at \$1 or thereabouts. Word, however, was sent back that the stock had mysteriously disappeared from the mining markets of New York and Jersey City, and that not a share could be got at that price. Continued bidding in Goldfield sent the price up to \$1.50 a share, and as Mr. Sharp received a daily report of transactions on the Goldfield and other Western mining exchanges, Eddie was kept informed of the advanced value of Red Top. At \$1.50 a share he stood to make over \$35,000 on his deal, but as yet he was in no hurry to let his holdings go as he believed it might go to \$2 a share, or even better. The prospect of such big winnings did not make Eddie so excited that he couldn't attend to his regular work in the office.

Somehow or another his two previous deals had made him accustomed to look for a good thing in hand. Although \$35,000 was way and above his previous profits, yet he knew that large fortunes had been made out of mining stocks, and there was no reason why he shouldn't be one of the fortunate ones, especially as the reports from Red Top were daily more encouraging. His mother and sister, as well as Sylvie Thorne and even Charley Gates, noticed a change in his general demeanor. He seemed to have become more of a man all at once, but otherwise he gave no indication that anything unusual had happened to him. Sylvie and Charley both thought that the change was due to his having saved Mr. Sharp from the fangs of Walker Bennett, and that he now felt pretty solid in the office in consequence thereof.

"Say," grinned Charley one day, "I guess you're the whole thing in your office now next to the boss."

"Oh, no, I'm just the same as I always was," replied Eddie.

"No, you're not. You've changed ever since you helped Mr. Sharp out of his hole. I thought maybe he'd taken you in as junior partner."

"You've got another think coming, then, Charley. The only partner Mr. Sharp ever had, or probably ever will have, is dead and moldering in his grave years ago."

"Well, you have the air of a junior partner, at any rate."

"I wasn't aware of that fact."

"I'll leave it to Sylvie Thorne. We were talking about it the last time I saw her."

"Were you? Well, I feel greatly flattered to learn that I was the subject of so much importance to both of you."

"Don't get sarcastic."

"I suppose you were both very much disturbed on the subject."

"Oh, come now, we can't help remarking the fact when we see you act different from usual."

"So you think I've got a swelled head because I was so fortunate as to do Mr. Sharp a good turn?"

"No, I don't think you've got a swelled head exactly. But I know how I'd feel if I helped Mr. Ludlow, or Mr. Mills, out of a tight box. I'd feel as if I was of more importance in the office, and that my job was pretty secure."

"Isn't your job just as secure as long as you attend to business as you ought to?"

"I suppose it is," admitted Charley; "but when a fellow does his boss a favor as big as you did

for Mr. Sharp, why it makes a heap of difference in his official standing."

"Well, if it will relieve your mind I will tell you that the favor I did Mr. Sharp is not worrying me much one way or the other. I am glad I was able to be of service to him. I believe he is grateful to me for what I did for him, but that covers the whole matter. If there is any apparent change in me to your eyes, and Sylvie's, it is because I'm growing wealthy, and the thought of how I shall make good use of the money that's in sight, is largely occupying my mind to the exclusion of lighter topics."

Eddie spoke with exaggerated solemnity, and he used the biggest words he could think of to express what he had to say. At the same time he felt like laughing outright at the expression that came over his friend's face as he spoke.

"Oh, that's it—you're growing wealthy," said Charley, with a quizzical look. "Becoming a millionaire, I suppose. So that's what is troubling you?"

"Yes, that is what is troubling me," replied Eddie.

"I wish I was suffering from the same trouble, if it was real, only in your case I think you're giving me another lot of hot air."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you doubt my assertion, eh?"

"Well, I don't like to call you a liar, that wouldn't be friendly, but I think you are stretching the truth to the limit."

"One of these days, Charley, when that brain of yours wakes up to the realization that everything I've been telling you is a cold, hard fact, you'll be sorry that you doubted me. Let me recall to your dense vision that I told you I made \$1,200 on M. & N., and you said I was jollying you. Then I called your attention to the fact that I was long on 200 shares of S. & W., and you intimated that you didn't believe me. Therefore, it will be useless for me to expect you to take stock in my statement that I collared \$2,800 out of the deal. With the sum of \$5,000 in good, yellowbacks you will, no doubt, laugh when I tell you that I bought 40,000 shares of Red Top mining stock at fifty-five cents on a margin of ten per cent., and that those shares are now worth \$1.50 at this moment, making my profit so far on the transaction just about \$35,000. Add to this sum my \$5,000 capital and you will see that I reckon myself worth \$40,000, with every prospect that further advances in Red Top will make it \$50,000. The responsibility that they say always attaches to the possession of a considerable sum of money is probably beginning to have its effect on me, that's why I look different to you and Sylvie."

Charley listened to Eddie's truthful story with the air of one who was thoroughly satisfied that he was being jollied.

## CHAPTER X.—Red Top Proves a Winner, and the Scotts Move Into a New Home.

About this time a rising market caused business in Wall Street to pick up, and as a good share of patronage came to Mr. Sharp, whose reputation was second to none in the district.



Eddie was kept on the hustle from nine till after three carrying messabes from the office to brokers in different buildings, and to the bright young clerk at the Exchange who represented Mr. Sharp on the floor. As the days went by Red Top advanced on the various mining markets from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a share, adding about \$10,000 more to Eddie's wordly wealth.

He chuckled when he thought of the surprise he had in store, not only for the unbelieving Charley, but also for his mother and sister, who had not the faintest suspicion that he was worth a cent. One of the chief reasons why he told Charley the facts about his winnings was because he felt sure Charley wouldn't believe him and that would add a whole lot to the laugh he expected to have on him in the sweet by-an-by. About the middle of the following month Red Top reached \$2 a share. That meant another \$10,000 profit for Eddie.

"If it would only keep on going up till it went out of sight," thought the boy, "I might become a millionaire without doing any more work."

For a while nothing more passed between Eddie and his his friend on the subject of the fortune the former had said he was making and worrying about. One day, however, Charley remembered the matter and, with a tantalizing smile, asked him if he had reached the \$50,000 mark yet.

"Sure I have, and past it."

"How much past?" grinned Gates.

"About \$10,000. If you wanted to know the exact amount I'd have to do considerable calculating. I bought Red Top at fifty-five cents and it's now worth \$2.05, according to the latest Goldfield quotations. Forty thousand shares cost me \$22,000, of which amount interest in being charged against me on \$19,800, which I owe upon it. Forty thousand shares at \$2.05 amounts to \$82,000, the present value of the stock. Deduct from that sum \$19,800, interest hereon for 38 days, and the bank's commissions, and to the remainder add my capital of \$5,000, and you will know exactly what I'm worth this moment."

"Say, you're a peach, Eddie," laughed Gates. "I'll give you credit for having a wonderful memory. That's a great advantage to a fellow when he tells a whopper and attempts to back it up right along with facts. I'm beginning to think that you actually imagine that you're telling the truth."

"Well, Charley, whatever my faults, I've always tried to imitate the story of George Washington and the Cherry Tree."

"Yes, there's about as much truth in you being worth \$60,000 as there is in that story, which has the whiskers of age on it."

During the next fortnight Red Top went up to \$2.15 and then dropped back to \$2.

"Looks as if the stock had reached its limit. I guess I'd better let out some of my shares."

Accordingly he ordered the bank to dispose of 10,000 shares in small lots at the market. The shares were sold through different brokers on the Curb and Eddie got \$20,000 for them. With that money, and the cash he still had on hand he settled with the bank in full, and became the actual owner of the remaining 30,000 shares, that had a market value of \$60,000.

As Townsend and Carson disposed of their 12,000 shares at about \$2, that put 22,000 shares

on the market, and the price in the local markets went down to \$1.90, though it was selling at \$2 in Goldfield. After the lapse of several weeks Eddie, finding that the stock continued to hang around that figure, concluded to get rid of his holdings by degrees. He sent 10,000 shares to a big brokerage house in Goldfield and got \$20,000 for them. The balance he got rid of in Jersey City and on Broad Street at \$1.95. A short time afterward, the product of the mine going down, the price of the stock fell to \$1.45, where it remained with sundry fluctuations above and below. Eddie was glad he had got out of it at top-notch figures. With \$58,000 stowed away in a safe deposit box he had rented for the purpose, he felt he had no kick coming. Having closed up his mining stock deal, and with nothing now on his mind to occupy his attention outside the office, Eddie began to think it was high time that the Scott family should move into a better flat, in a more refined location. Without saying anything to his mother, he went around and investigated several chice five-room apartments. Finally he decided on one that he knew would please his mother and sister, so he took it, and paid a month's rent on it. That night, when they were all at supper, he said:

"Mother, I think we've lived long enough in this house. It's shabby and in need of repair, and the agent doesn't worry himself about fixing it up for us, so we'll let him do that for another tenant."

"But a better flat will cost more, Eddie," said his mother, "and it will also cost something to move."

"Don't you worry about that. I'll pay the rent of the flat we move into, and the expense of transferring our goods."

"You!" she ejaculated, surprised.

"Yes, mother. I've made another good haul in the market, and I can afford to do the right thing by you."

That settled the matter and a flat in a better location was procured.

And so in a few days the Scotts moved into their new home.

## CHAPTER XI.—Eddie Gets in on a Boom and Makes a Big Haul.

Of course one of the fist callers at the new flat was Charley Gates, who had taken a great fancy to Eddie's sister Edith. He judged that the rent must be high, and he wondered how the Scotts could afford to pay it. This flat had a private hall which Eddie had fitted with a fine red carpet. The old carpets used in the other flat, and which had grown threadbare from constant service, had been discarded, and their places taken by rugs of a good quality and suitable sizes. The parlor rug had cost Eddie \$40, and the dining-room one \$25. The bedrooms, however, were carpeted with a pretty pattern. Eddie had also invested in an oak sideboard, and had replaced the old wooden beds by iron ones, painted white, with brass tops. Altogether, the refurnishing had cost Eddie nearly \$250.

Charley, after looking the place over, and commenting on its improved appearance, mentally



decided that some relative of the Scotts had died and left them money. That was the only way he could account for their sudden rise in prosperity.

"You shall have a swell flat now," he remarked to Edith.

"Yes, it's very nice, indeed. Eddie paid for all the new things you see, and he's paying the rent besides."

"What!" gasped Charley. "Eddie has paid—where did he get the money?"

"Why, don't you know? I thought he told you. He's made money in the market."

"The dickens he has! He's been telling me some cock-and-bull story about being worth \$60,000, but you couldn't expect me to believe that."

"Of course not. That would be too ridiculous. But he's made quite a sum, for all these things cost him a pretty penny."

"Didn't he tell you how much he made?"

"No," said Edith, shaking her head. "He's very close about it."

So Charley tackled Eddie presently.

"Your sister says you've been making money in the market. How much did you make?"

"Haven't I been telling you right along," replied Eddie, with a curious smile.

"You've been giving me ghost stories right along. Now I wish you'd tell the truth."

"You're giving me a pretty hard reputation, Charley, and before my folks, too."

"I can't help it. You shouldn't have tried to fill me up with gas about your imaginary deals, especially the Red Top one, in which you claimed to have made about fifty thousand. Now, own up for once. Tell me how much you've pulled out of the market."

"What's the use?" laughed Eddie. "You wouldn't believe me."

"Of course I wouldn't if you gave me the same old steer."

"That's what I thought, so I won't say anything."

Charley was clearly annoyed.

"All right," he said, "don't. I'm not curious about the matter."

"Don't get mad, Charley," said Eddie. "What difference does it make, anyway, whether I made \$1,000 or \$60,000, as long as we're friends? I've made enough, at any rate, to enable mother and sis to put on a little more style than we used to."

"Oh, I ain't mad," replied Gates. "We'll let it go as you say. You made something, and I'm glad you did. I wish I was lucky."

The conversation then turned to another subject, and after a while Charley went home.

A few days afterward Eddie found out through the conversation of a trio of brokers in his office that a combination of big operators had been formed to boom C. & D. stock. The brokers had called to engage Mr. Sharp to conduct a portion of the buying for the pool.

Eddie looked up C. & D. in the market report and found it was ruling at 55. Before the day was over he went to the little bank and ordered the purchase of 5,000 shares of the stock. He wouldn't take the chance of loading up with any more, as he prudently determined to hold enough money back to make a possible call for more

margin if the price should happen to fall several points before the boom got started, which often happened. The stock did fall in value three points within the next two days, but after that it slowly recovered and gradually went to 56 by the close of the week. Eddie watched the ticker all during the following week and noted that C. & D. fluctuated like a swing of a pendulum, but the trend was upward. It closed each day about a point higher than the opening figure of the morning. When Saturday came around again it was ruling at 60 3-8, which meant that the boy could have made \$25,000 if he sold out then.

Eddie had no intention of selling out yet. He expected to clear at least \$50,000 on this deal, for he felt confident that the price would go to 65, at any rate.

"I thought you said your sister was coming around to make my acquaintance," said Sylvie, as she was covering up her typewriter preparatory to quitting work that Saturday. "I believe she promised to come two weeks ago."

"She was detained at her office, and last Saturday she had to get uptown early," replied Eddie. "However, she'll be here to-day, unless something unforeseen turns up."

"I hope so, as I should like to know her."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before one of the clerks came over and told Eddie that his sister was in the reception room.

The boy went out and brought her into the counting room.

"Miss Thorne, this is my sister," he said. "Edith, Miss Sylvie Thorne."

The girls bowed and sized each other up. The first impression in each case seemed to be favorable, and soon, to Eddie's satisfaction, they were talking together like old friends.

"I've heard a good deal about you, Miss Thorne," said Edith, laughingly. "Eddie is forever talking about you. He says you the nicest——"

"Oh, come, now, Edith, none of that," objected her brother, flushing.

Sylvie also blushed a little. At that moment Charley Gates came in. He was delighted to find Edith there, and she smiled graciously upon him. Then Eddie invited them all to lunch at his expense.

"Where are you going to take us? To Del's?" grinned Charley.

"Oh my, we couldn't think of going there, could we, Miss Scott?" exclaimed Sylvie.

"No, indeed. It wouldn't be fair to bankrupt Eddie," laughed Edith.

"Don't you worry about bankrupting me," put in her brother. "I've got more money than you imagine."

"That's right," said Charley. "He's worth \$60,000."

"Is that all?" said Sylvie.

"Never mind what I'm worth, as long as I can foot the bill for the lunch. Come on, let's be going. The janitor is coming in to clean up, and that's a hint for us to make ourselves scarce around these diggings."

Eddie took Sylvie under his wing while Charley escorted Edith. In that order they walked up Wall Street to Broadway, and soon found their



way into one of the well-known restaurants. Eddie ordered a first-class lunch, to which they did ample justice, and then they walked up to City Hall Park and took the underground train for Harlem. Edith and Charley got off at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, but Eddie went on with Sylvie to her home in the Bronx, where he was invited to stay for tea, and accepted. Soon after the Exchange opened Monday morning the attention of the brokers was attracted to C. & D., and many of them began to make offers for the stock. Then the fact was developed that there seemed to be scarcely any of it on the market. That led to the natural conclusion that the shares had been cornered by some syndicate of speculators. Half an hour later the stock was up to 65, and the traders seemed to be going wild over it. Brokers with buying orders for it were continually coming on the floor and laying for a chance to get enough of the shares to satisfy their customers. While Eddie was there it went up a whole point to 66. An hour afterward he was sent back with another note and found the brokers howling and struggling as if their lives were at stake. C. & D. was up to 70 and a fraction.

On his way back to the office Eddie went to the bank and ordered his shares sold. The bank's representative let it out in small lots so as not to disturb the market, and inside of half an hour the boy was out of it with a profit of \$75,000 coming to him, which he got in the form of a check on the following day.

## CHAPTER XII.—The New Discovery Gold Mine.

The Grand Jury having found an indictment against Walker Bennett, for his attack on Matthew Sharp, his trial came on and his bondsmen turned him over to the sheriff. He was defended by eminent counsel, and an effort made to prove that he was suffering from an attack of temporary insanity at the time he committed the offense.

The jury, however, disagreed with this view of the matter and found him guilty. An application for a new trial on technical grounds was made to the judge, and denied. Then a stay was obtained until the verdict could be reviewed and passed on by a higher court. This gave the convicted broker a respite from going to the State prison. But it didn't avail him anything in the end, for the higher court refused to reverse the verdict, and Bennett was taken to Sing Sing prison up the river to put in a sentence of three years and six months.

That seemed to settle his career as a Wall Street broker. When Mr. Sharp got possession of the 5,000 shares of Montana Copper, which he had bought from Mrs. Wise for \$5 a share, the price had advanced to \$5.25. The old broker sent his check to the widow for the \$25,000 balance, together with interest on that amount for the time that had intervened between the date of the sale and the time he got the certificates from Walker Bennett. This amounted to something over \$100. Eddie carried the letter

to her containing the check, and thus made her acquaintance. She took quite a fancy to the boy and told him the history of the case.

"It was mighty fortunate for you that you met Mr. Dean that day before you had completed the sale of the stock," said Eddie. "Otherwise you might never have found out that Walker Bennett swindled you out of nine-tenths of the value of your shares."

She nodded and looked at Mr. Sharp's check with great satisfaction.

"I'm going to give up keeping boarders now and invest part of this money in a house."

"That's a good idea, ma'am," replied Eddie. "The interest on the rest of the money should keep you in comfort for the balance of your life."

Mrs. Wise, however, was not as wise as her name might indicate. Soon after Eddie's visit one of her boarders, having learned that she was worth \$25,000 in cash, began to show considerable interest in her affairs. The widow was at a great disadvantage when pitted against a schemer, and the boarder was one of those men who are ever on the lookout for an easy mark. He gradually worked himself into her confidence and his first object was to persuade her that the present was not a good time to buy property. He assured her that real estate would take a tumble in value inside of six months and that then would be the time for her to purchase property. Having succeeded in side-tracking her intention of purchasing a small house for herself, he next essayed to dazzle her eyes with sundry investments by which he promised her large returns for her money. Mrs. Wise gradually turned a favorable ear to the specious arguments of her boarder, who assured her that he was working solely in her interest. The boarder had several irons in the fire, but the one he was chiefly interested in was to get rid of a big block of worthless shares of a gold mine in Arizona. The mine had at one time promised a fortune to its promoters, and had sold for \$6 a share on the exchanges, but the lead had suddenly petered out, and after a vain effort to find more paying ore the property had been practically abandoned. Hundreds of investors lost money when the stock was finally dropped from the lists, and from one of the unfortunates the boarder in question had bought a block of 10,000 shares for a mere song, and had held on to it with the view of later on unloading it upon some unsuspecting person at a fat profit.

The Widow Wise appeared to be just the easy proposition the boarder had been looking for. He showed her the original prospectuses of the company, together with a whole stack of old Western exchange reports when the stock was quoted at a good price. He told her that, owing to trouble between the officers of the company, the shares had gone down to \$2.50, which was about half their real value, and to confirm his statement showed her a lot of newspaper clippings which he had had printed to further his scheme. One of these clippings stated that the trouble between the company's officials was now almost over and that the shares would surely go to \$5 or \$6 inside of a month. The alleged newspaper clipping advised all persons owning shares of the stock to hold on to them by all means, as an effort was now on foot by the management



to buy in all the shares they could find at the present low price. The boarder then told Mrs. Wise that he knew of a man who had 10,000 shares of the mining stock which he was anxious to dispose of at the market rate. This man was ill in bed and not able to go down town and call on a broker.

"Here is a golden opportunity, Mrs. Wise," he said, "for you to double your money inside of thirty days. If that man knew what you and I know he would not think for a moment of selling his stock. If I only had \$25,000 myself I couldn't buy that stock quick enough. You, however, have the money, and the advantage is yours. All I ask is that you promise to give me \$5,000 out of your \$25,000 profit when you sell the shares a month from now at \$50,000."

Mrs. Wise was easily convinced that a small fortune lay within her reach, and she commissioned her boarder to get the stock for her, which he did by taking the certificates from his trunk and handing them to her in exchange for her \$25,000 good money. The boarder, who was none other than Walker Bennett's chief clerk, Barry Thomas, took the money and proceeded to look for an opportunity in Wall Street to speculate with it. He hoped to double it before the thirty days had expired, and then he proposed to depart for parts unknown. The day that the unsophisticated Widow Wise parted with her money for the worthless stock was the day that Eddie got his check from the little bank in settlement of his real in C. & D. The boy was now worth \$135,000, and he felt pretty good. That afternoon, while he was sitting in his seat in the reception-room, a tanned, threadbare stranger entered the office and asked for Mr. Sharp. He gave his name as William Harlow. The old broker accorded him an interview.

It was brief, however, and the visitor came out looking very down in the mouth. He started for the door and then stopped. Eddie watched him curiously, and noticed that his gait was unsteady. He turned around and walked up to the young messenger.

"Young man, would you do me a favor?" he asked.

"What is it?" asked Eddie.

"Give me ten cents. I haven't eaten a mouthful today, and I'm famished."

There was a hungry glare in the man's eyes that was unmistakable, though it might have been drink, not food, that he craved. Eddie put his hand in his pocket and fished out the smallest coin he had, which was a quarter.

"Here's a quarter. Get yourself a decent meal," he said.

"Thank you, young man. I sha'n't forget it. It's hard luck when a man who has been once wealthy has to beg for the price of something to eat."

"That's right," nodded Eddie.

"This is the last bit of property I have in the world," he said, indicating the package he had in his hand. "I thought to raise something on it; if only \$100, but I find it has no value to speak of. Once I could have got \$30,000 for it."

"Thirty thousand!" ejaculated the boy. "What is it?"

"A certificate of 5,000 shares made out in my name of the New Discovery Gold Mining Com-

pany, of Arizona. I bought it when it was low—twenty-five cents a share. I saw it rise steadily to \$6. That is the time I should have sold out."

"I should think so," replied Eddie.

"But there was every prospect of it becoming worth double that, so I held on. Without warning the mine gave out and the price tumbled to almost nothing. Since then I have held on to it, thinking that some day it might again become valuable. But there is scarcely any chance that it ever will. I offered the certificate to Mr. Sharp for \$50, but he wouldn't touch it. I was ashamed to tell him how strapped I was though Heaven knows I look shabby enough. If I could get \$25 for the stock I'd gladly accept it, for it is of no use to me, and that sum would keep life in my body a while longer."

"Let me see the certificate," said Eddie.

Harlow unrolled the package and exhibited it.

"It it's worthless, as you say, no one will give you \$25 for a lithographed sheet of paper."

"It would fetch a cent a share in Goldfield, though the stock is no longer listed, if a purchaser could be found."

"I never heard of this mine before," said Eddie. "It must be a dead one."

The visitor began to roll the certificate up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the boy. "Leave the certificate with me and I'll take it to the Mining Exchange and see if the secretary knows anything about it. I'll let you have a dollar in addition to that quarter to carry you over till tomorrow. Come in here about half-past three and then I'll let you know if it will be possible to sell the certificate for anything at all."

The visitor agreed to this proposal of the boy's and handed him the package and took the dollar.

"I'm much obliged to you, young man. I'll be here tomorrow afternoon."

Then bidding Eddie good-by, he left the office.

"I wonder if I'll ever see him again?" thought the young messenger. "This might be only a sample certificate got out by a stationer to show off his work, and, consequently, would not represent any mine at all. That chap having come into possession of it may have started a new game of bunco to raise the wind. Well, what's the odds? The poor fellow looked as if he hadn't seen a square meal in a coon's age. That money I'll never miss, and it won't be wasted, I guess, unless he passes it over a bar for drinks."

Ten minutes later Eddie was sent with a note to a broker in the Vanderpool Building, and there being no answer, he went on down New Street to the rear entrance of the building where the Mining Exchange was located. Taking the elevator up, he asked for the secretary and was shown into his office.

"I have here a certificate of stock of the New Discovery Gold Mining Company, of Arizona. Is there such a mine?" asked Eddie.

"Let me see the certificate," said the secretary. The boy handed it to him.

"There is such a mine as the New Discovery, and this is one of the original certificates of treasury stock," said the secretary; "but it is not worth anything, if that is what you called to inquire about. The history of the New Discovery is similar to many other mining propositions, except that it actually did turn out ore of a the-



nomenal value at first, which secured the mine a place on the exchanges, and the price of this stock went as high as \$6 a share, I believe, at one time. Then the vein of ore gave out entirely, and all efforts to find a fresh lead failed. The mine was dropped from the exchanges and was finally abandoned as worthless."

"Then this certificate is not worth even a cent a share?" said Eddie.

"I wouldn't give \$5 for it."

The secretary took down a book containing a classified record of all mining properties, valuable and otherwise, and looked up the New Discovery.

A brief history of the mine was given there, substantially as the secretary had told Eddie. Some figures in red ink attached called the officer's attention to a certain page in a series of scrap books on a shelf. He took the book down. Facing the page in question was a copy of the printed application for listing the mine on the San Francisco Exchange. A number of newspaper clippings cut from Western papers were pasted on the page itself. The secretary looked them over, particularly the last one.

"Well," he said, "this clipping, a recent one, states that several capitalists have bought up the control of the property, probably for a mere song, and are prospecting it and sinking a shaft in a new direction. It is possible that something might come of it, though in my opinion the outlook that the New Discovery will ever again amount to anything is exceedingly small."

That ended the interview. Next day, when William Harlow called, Eddie paid him \$25 for the certificate, and got him to sign a bill-of-sale. Then the boy stowed the certificate away in his safe deposit box.

### CHAPTER XIII.—How the Widow Found Out She Had Been Victimized.

A day or two afterward Eddie met the Widow Wise on Fourteenth street. She seemed very glad to see the boy, and asked him why he hadn't called on her.

"Well, I don't often get over in your direction. Have you bought a house yet?"

"Oh, no, I'm not going to buy one till the fall. Mr. Thomas, one of my boarders, told me that it is a bad time to buy property now."

"A bad time!" ejaculated Eddie, in surprise.

"Yes. He says there will soon be a fall in prices, and that I'll be able to save considerable money if I wait till the fall."

"I'm afraid Mr. Thomas doesn't know much about real estate in New York and vicinity. Property will never be any lower than it is now. Everybody who knows anything about the matter says that, and I believe it. I have made a little money lately in the market myself, and I'm going to give mother enough to buy a house. I have told her to look around and pick out what she would like right away. There isn't a particle of use waiting until the fall. Don't let Mr. Thomas' opinion frighten you, Mrs. Wise. Go around and talk to real estate men and satisfy yourself."

"Well," replied Mrs. Wise, "you may be right, Eddie. However, I can't buy a house until my stock doubles in value."

"How many shares did you buy, and what did you pay for them?"

"I bought 10,000 shares and——"

"Ten thousands shares, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. I paid \$25,000 for the stock, and it's worth——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars, Mrs. Wise!" almost gasped Eddie. "It must be a good dividend payer, for that's \$2.50 a share."

"Mr. Thomas told me it's worth \$5 or \$6 a share, and that as soon as the trouble between the officers is over it will go right up to that. He says I should be able to make \$25,000 out of the stock in a month."

This statement fairly paralyzed Eddie, who knew considerable about mining matters in a general way.

"Mr. Thomas told you that?"

"Yes. He seems to be a very well informed man. He also brought me newspaper clippings from Western papers to prove all he said."

"He did?" replied Eddie, more than ever astonished.

"Oh, yes. This stock was selling at \$6 a share not a great while ago. He showed me what he called market reports, and I saw the price with my own eyes."

Mrs. Wise seemed to consider that as conclusive evidence. Unfortunately for Mrs. Wise, Barry Thomas took care to cut off the dates from the reports he showed her. They were all of two years old, but she didn't suspect that.

"Who is this Mr. Thomas? Does he deal in stocks?"

"I really couldn't say, but I don't think so, though he goes to Wall Street every day. He said he would have bought the stock himself if he had had \$25,000, because it was the easiest and most certain way he knew of to double the money."

"He said that, did he?" said Eddie, beginning to have a strong suspicion that there was something wrong about the transaction.

"He did, indeed. I have promised to give him \$5,000 when I sell the stock."

"Oh, I see, that's how he is going to pay himself for giving you a good thing. Through what broker did you buy your stock?"

"Mr. Thomas got it for me. He bought it of a sick man who didn't know that the shares would soon double in value."

"Did you give Mr. Thomas \$25,000 for that stock, Mrs. Wise?"

"Of course. I couldn't get the certificates without paying for them."

"If I was you, then, when I sold them I would take them to a reputable broker. Twenty-five thousand or more might be something of a temptation to this Mr. Thomas. How long have you known him?"

"About six months, since he came to board with me."

"Why don't you find out whether Mr. Thomas is a curb broker or is merely employed by a brokerage house?"



"I never thought to ask him, but now that you mention it I will."

"I would, Mrs. Wise. By the way," added Eddie, remembering that he had not asked the name of the mine, and intending to look it up in the Western market reports next day, "what is the name of this mining stock you bought through Mr. Thomas?"

"The name is the New Discovery Mining Co. It's beautifully engraved on——"

"The what?" exclaimed Eddie, fairly startled.

"The New Discovery. It's beautifully——"

"Of Arizona?"

"Certainly—of Arizona."

"And you actually paid \$25,000 in cash for 10,000 shares of the New Discovery Gold Mining Company?"

"Why, of course. Didn't I say so?" said Mrs. Wise, almost petulantly.

"Then you want to have your boarder arrested immediately, for he's swindled you most outrageously."

"Swindled me!"

"Yes, swindled you. That stock isn't worth a cent a share."

Eddie proceeded to explain to her the exact standing of the New Discovery mine. Mrs. Wise began to show symptoms of hysterics.

"Come, now, Mrs. Wise, I'll see you home, and take a look at those papers that your boarder, Mr. Thomas, showed you as evidences of the worth of the mine, if you have them."

But the widow said that Barry Thomas had not left them with her.

"Well, I'll go home with you anyway and take a look at your certificates to make sure that you haven't made a mistake in the name of the mine."

So Eddie went with her to the boarding-house and she showed him the certificates that Mr. Thomas sold her for \$25,000.

"That Barry Thomas is a rascal," said the boy. "It's a wonder he didn't disappear the moment after he got your money. He must think that you're an uncommonly easy mark. He persuaded you not to buy a house so that he might gather in every cent you had. His nerve is simply colossal."

Mrs. Wise cried and went on in a hysterical fashion. Eddie did his best to soothe and quiet her down. As soon as she got into a rational frame of mind again he said he'd go with her and see about getting a warrant for the immediate arrest of Barry Thomas. The warrant was duly issued on her statement, backed up by Eddie's expert knowledge of the value of the stock in question, and an officer was detailed to make the arrest. Thomas, however, was not made a prisoner. That day something he read in the paper caused him to change his mind about remaining in New York and chancing discovery of his fraud.

While Mrs. Wise was out shopping, and before she met Eddie, he came to his room, packed his grip and took a train for Philadelphia. The only bit of comfort Mrs. Wise had was what Eddie told her about work having been resumed in the mine.

"It is possible that after a time another lead of ore may be discovered on the property," he said, "in which event you may possibly be able

to get ten or fifteen cents a share for your stock. It was on the chance of something like that happening that induced me to buy the 5,000 shares I have bothered with it."

The boy advised her to put the certificates away in a safe place, and hope for the best.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Eddie and Sylvie.

"Eddie," said Sylvie Thorne next morning, "you've been doing a little speculating in the market, haven't you?"

"Yes, a little," replied the boy, smiling at the pretty stenographer.

"Charley told me you made enough to furnish up a new flat for your mother and sister in fine shape."

"He told you the truth, I guess."

"You must have made quite a nice profit on your deal."

"Which deal do you refer to?"

"He told me that you persist in claiming to have made \$60,000 out of a deal in 40,000 shares of Red Top."

"I never told him that I made \$60,000. I only made \$55,000."

"Why, how could you make \$55,000 in a stock deal of any kind? Isn't that just too absurd for anything?"

"I don't see anything absurd about it. The shares were selling at fifty-five cents, and I got a tip that they were certain to go up to \$2 or more. I had just cleared \$2,800 on a deal in S. & W., had \$1,700 cash and Mr. Sharp presented me with \$500 for what I did for him that afternoon. That made \$5,000 in all. It only took half of that to secure control of 40,000 shares of Red Top. I held the stock until it went to \$2, then I got rid of half of it at that price. The other half I sold at \$1.95. I cleared \$55,000. Add to that my \$5,000 capital and you get the \$60,000 Charley spoke to you about, and which he doesn't believe I'm worth by probably \$59,000."

Sylvie looked her amazement.

"Are you really telling the truth, Eddie Scott?"

"I am, but you want to keep it to yourself."

"Your sister never mentioned the fact to me. If my brother had made that much I'd have been so proud of the fact that I'd have told all my friends."

"My sister doesn't know anything about it. Neither does my mother."

"My goodness! And you are really worth \$60,000?"

"I'm worth a good deal more than that. I made \$75,000 the other day out of C. & D. Add that to the \$60,000 and you'll hit the mark."

"I always thought you were smart, but you're twice as smart as I ever dreamed you to be. Why haven't you told your mother and sister?"

"I'm waiting till I can show them a quarter of a million."

"You expect to make that much?"

"Why not? If I managed to make \$135,000 out of \$700, which was the amount I started out with, why shouldn't I make a quarter of a million and more with my present backing? Money makes money, you know."



"Well, Eddie, you've taken my breath away."

"I'd rather take something else away."

"What's that?"

"Your heart."

"Eddie Scott!" cried Sylvie, with a vivid blush.

"Aren't you just——"

"What?"

"Please let us change the conversation."

"Don't you like me well enough to——"

"Now, Eddie," remonstrated the fair girl, "I think you are too——"

"Sylvie, you're the only one I've taken into my confidence in downright earnest. I've done it because, my sister excepted, you're the only girl I care for in all the world, and I like you in a different way from Edith. If you can't care for me as I want you to I'd like you to tell me right now, and then—well, I won't bother you any more with my attentions. Now do you care for me or don't you?"

"Of course I care for you," she answered, blushing.

"Enough to promise to marry me some day?"

"Yes," she replied, softly.

"Then I'm satisfied. It's as much for your sake as my own that I'm trying to make all the money I can."

"I should like you just as well whether you had money or not."

"Do you mean that, Sylvie?" asked Eddie, slipping his arm around her waist.

"I do."

"You deserve a kiss for that," and suited the action to the word.

Eddie had been watching the market very closely of late, and especially a certain stock known as L. & M. He had noticed that it had been quietly rising from 69 to 73 within a week. So that day he went to the little bank and bought 5,000 shares at the market. He put up \$36,500 to secure the bank, or ten per cent. of the purchase price of the shares, the bank advancing the balance. Next day the stock went up to 74. There was another stock which had attracted his attention on the same lines, and he got the bank to buy him 5,000 shares of that in the same way. This was K. P., which was going at 89, after a rise of four points. With two deals to look after, in which he had invested \$81,000 of his money, he had his mind pretty well employed. He was now working solely on his own judgment, the same as any outsider. He did not intend to take chances he would have done with a tip in which he had confidence. He was banking on a three-point rise, which would give him a \$15,000 profit in each case. He hardly looked to see it go much higher, for he did not think any syndicate was at the back of either. He believed the rise was entirely due to favorable conditions in the roads' business, reports of which had been lately appearing in the newspapers. On Saturday morning L. & M. opened at 75 5/8. At eleven o'clock Eddie looked at the ticker tape and saw that it had gone up to 76 3/8. That was high enough to suit him, so he got leave of absence for a quarter of an hour, ran around to the bank and told the clerk to order his 5,000 shares of L. & M. sold. It was done by the time he got back to the office.

"I suppose you'll lunch with me today.

Sylvie?" he said, when she was putting on her hat to go home at one o'clock. "We'll go to Del's if you don't object."

"Oh, no," she objected. "I'm not dressed up enough to go to such a swell place. Besides I think it would be a waste of money."

"When a fellow has just made \$15,000 he feels like spreading himself a bit."

"Why, have you made that much today?" she asked.

"Yes. I sold out my holdings in L. & M. at that profit."

"I'm so glad. I was afraid you might slip up on these two deals of yours. I don't like to see you risk so much money in the market."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained, Sylvie. That's the brokers' motto, at any rate, and as I hope to be a broker some day in the near future, I'm learning to take chances."

"You're still in on K. P., aren't you?"

"Yes. It's going around 90 1-2, which puts me about \$7,000 ahead on it."

"You're a fortunate boy, Eddie. I only hope your luck will continue."

As Sylvie didn't care to go to Delmonico's Eddie compromised on a first class restaurant on Beaver Street. After the meal he took the girl to the Academy of Arts in Central Park, where they spent the greater part of the afternoon. Then he took her home and stayed to tea. On Tuesday Eddie sold K. P. at 91 and a fraction, and added another \$15,000 to his capital, making him now worth \$165,000.

## CHAPTER XV.—Encouraging News from Arizona.

On Wednesday morning he saw an article in one of the Goldfield papers that caused him not a little excitement. It read as follows:

### "A MINE THAT HAS COME TO LIFE."

"Three years ago the mining world was interested in the news of the discovery of what was alleged to be an enormously valuable gold mining property in the Santa Clara range 100 miles southwest of Tucson. Samples of a very high grade of ore were assayed and returned phenomenal values. The New Discovery Gold Mining Company was formed to take over the property. One hundred thousand shares of development stock, and subsequently a like amount of treasury stock was sold, machinery was brought to the ground and the work of taking out and shipping the ore went on merrily. The stock was listed on the various exchanges and soon quoted at fifty cents. Before the year was out \$6 was asked and paid for treasury stock originally sold for twenty-five cents. Two large dividends were paid, and it looked as though the big producers of Goldfield would have to take a back seat. But never was the instability of human hopes more conclusively demonstrated. Without the least warning the promoter and stockholders of the New Discovery received a rude jolt. The golden lode which was supposed to be practically inexhaustible gave out so suddenly and so completely as to take away the superintendent's breath.



From that day the New Discovery to all intents and purposes ceased to exist as a paying mine. In time it was abandoned and the high-priced stock became valueless. After being forgotten of the world for nearly two years, several sanguine capitalists recently paid a visit to the property and did some prospecting on their own hook. Then they returned to Goldfield, hunted up the men who practically owned the abandoned mine and bought them out. After that they returned to Arizona. Six weeks ago one of these men reappeared in Goldfield and began quietly to buy up all the old shares he could get hold of at about one cent a share. About 30,000 had been sold in New York, and an agent was sent East to secure them, if possible, with what success we are unable to say. Now the news has come out that the New Discovery has come to life. A new and very rich lead is said to have been found in the mine that promises results equal to, if not better than, the original discovery. Let us hope the report may prove to be true, and that the New Discovery will take its place once more among the rich producers of our country. But until substantial evidence is shown of this fresh lead in the New Discovery we advise our readers to go slow about investing in any of the old stock that may be offered to the public."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Eddie, after he had finished the article. "This certainly looks encouraging. That deal I made with William Harlow may turn out to be a very lucky one. Poor Mrs. Wise may also be able to get a portion, if not all, of her money back. Really, I am almost as much interested in seeing her recover the loss that rascal put upon her as in making a big haul myself. I must show this to Sylvie, and tell her about the certificate for 5,000 shares which I bought for \$25 and which in time may return me a thousand per cent. profit."

When Eddie got home that afternoon his mother told him that she had picked out a nice little house in the upper part of the Bronx, not far from the underground station, which she could get for \$9,000.

It had a fifty-foot frontage on the street, and extended back 130 feet on the bias to another street.

"I'll go up on Sunday, mother, and look it over. If I think it's worth the money you can sign a contract with the owner, or his agent, and I'll give you \$500 to pay on it. Now, I've got something to tell you about a certificate of mining stock I bought awhile ago for \$25, and which I hope may turn up a big winner for me."

He then related the history of the New Discovery mine, as far as he was acquainted with it, and handed her the newspaper article from the "Goldfield Miner" to read.

"You don't begin to know how lucky I have been in the last six months," said the boy. "I'm worth a great deal more than the few thousands I have told you of. Just how much I am worth I don't mean to tell either you or sister yet a while. I want to give you both a good, big surprise one of these days."

"I think you have already surprised us pretty well. You certainly seem to be worth \$10,000, at any rate, for you told me I could pay that much for a house that suited me, and I didn't

suppose you would put all your money into a house."

"No, mother, I am keeping a few thousands back to speculate with when the chance comes my way that promises results."

"Of course, I don't know anything about Wall Street speculation, but it seems to me that I heard your father say years ago that it was the riskiest game of chance he knew of."

"That is quite true; but don't worry about me. I'm not taking any desperate chances simply because I see a lot of money in sight. If I did business that way I'd soon find myself in the soup. I am very careful what I do with my money."

"I'm glad to know that, my son. It would grieve me to learn that you had lost any of the money that you have made."

"Well, mother, you'll soon have a good piece of property in your name, and nobody will be able to take that away from you. You will then be your own landlord, and that will be ever so much pleasanter than living in somebody else's house."

That reminded Eddie of Mrs. Wise, and he told his mother of the misfortune she had met with at the hands of her swindler-boarder.

"I advised her to invest a portion of her \$25,000 in a house and put the rest out at interest, but that rascal Thomas got the inner track with her and now she's as bad off as she was before she found the shares of Montana Copper in her trunk."

"Dear me! she was unfortunate," said Mrs. Scott.

"Call it stupid, mother. A woman with any brains to speak of would hardly turn such a large sum of money over to a comparative stranger without making some investigation. Any broker in Wall Street could have told her that New Discovery stock had no value. It's too bad that I didn't learn about the whole swindle in-time to save her from loss. She seems fated to go up against that class of people. Look how Walker Bennett, now doing time in Sing Sing, tried to do her up on the Montana Copper shares. And he would have succeeded only that she fortunately met an old broker of hers, named Dean, who is employed in our office. After all, she isn't any better off, since she allowed the value of the Montana stock to get away from her so easily. Some people they say you can fool all the time, and she seems to be one of that class."

After that Eddie kept an eye out for further developments in the New Discovery Mining Co. He called again on the secretary of the Mining Exchange and asked him if he'd seen the report about the re-discovery of gold ore in the mine, and what he thought about it. The secretary, of course, had seen it. It was part of his business to keep track of such things. They always found a place in the scrap books on the shelf for future reference.

He said the report might be correct, or it might be a fake. The capitalist who had bought up the original promoters of the mine might have caused the publication of that article for certain ulterior motives, such as to renew public interest in the abandoned mine and make a market for the shares they had acquired at a mere song. Such



things were done by unscrupulous mining men, but he did not mean to insinuate that these men were working such a game.

On the whole, he said, the matter looked encouraging enough for Eddie to maintain a good grip on his shares with the view to the possibility that the mine might turn out to be a good thing after all. Eddie looked at the matter in the same light, and left the Exchange feeling that the chances were in his favor to some extent.

On his way back to the office he met Charley Gates on Broad Street, talking to a big, strapping A. D. T. messenger boy, who looked as if he would make a good fullback for a football team. On coming closer he recognized the lad as the boy who had tumbled him into the street that morning on Nassau Street. The young fellow did not know him, however. Charley stopped Eddie by catching him by the arm.

"Let me introduce you to a friend of mine," he said. "Phil Burke, this is Eddie Scott, the richest messenger in the Street, for he says he's worth \$60,000."

Burke grinned and held out his hand.

"Oh, we've met before," said Eddie.

"I don't remember you," said Burke.

"Well, I remember you. I ought to, seeing that you knocked me head over heels into the middle of Nassau Street."

"When did I do that?" asked Burke, in surprise.

"A while ago. I can't remember the exact date. I never wished that I was a big fellow so much as then. I felt like putting it all over you."

Burke grinned again. He fancied he saw this messenger lad trying to do him up.

"However, I've changed my mind," continued Eddie. "You did me a great favor on that occasion."

"By knocking you over?"

"Yes. You put me on the road to good luck."

"How is that?"

"Well, it's too long a story to tell you now. Some day maybe you'll learn all about it."

"What are you talking about?" asked Charley, to whom this was all Greek.

"Oh, merely a little hot air that you think I'm getting off."

"Like the \$60,000 you're worth in your mind, eh?"

"You don't keep very good track of what I'm worth. If you add \$100,000 to it you'll come nearer the mark."

"Suffering sardines! Will you listen to that, Burke? He's worth \$160,000 now. The next time I meet him it is likely to be a quarter of a million."

"That is possible if I get in on a new deal that pans out well," replied Eddie, coolly.

"That will do," said Charley. "Come on back to the office."

Accordingly the two boys took leave of Phil Burke and walked toward Wall Street.

matter if he chose to employ his time that way. Mrs. Scott had bought and taken possession of the new house in the Bronx which Eddie not only paid for in cash, but furnished completely from cellar to garret. This was a new surprise to Charley, and he began to wonder if Eddie wasn't worth a good deal more than he had suspected. Certainly he must have made quite a lot of money to pay for a house like the Scotts' new home and furnish it up in fine shape. And, of course, he must have quite a boodle left to speculate with.

"Eddie is quite a clever lad," he said to himself. "He isn't telling everything he knows, either. I wonder how much he really has made in the market? Of course \$160,000, or even \$60,000, seems like sheer nonsense, though he tell it straight enough. Somehow or another I don't seem to understand him any more. I can't imagine how he got his start in the market. Maybe he got hold of a good tip and sold it, or made an arrangement for a share of the profits. At any rate he got around it some way. I wish I was lucky enough to do the same. Luck seems to come some people's way, while others don't even have a look-in at it."

A few days afterward Charley asked Eddie point blank how much he was worth.

"Isn't that rather a cheeky question to ask a fellow?" asked Eddie, smilingly.

"Well, perhaps it is, but you've been giving me so many ghost stories about big winnings that I really would like to know just where you do stand."

"Seeing that it's you, Charley, I'll tell you once more I'm worth \$154,000. I was worth \$165,000 the other day, but I bought and furnished a house for mother, you know, and I couldn't do that on wind."

"So you're worth \$154,000?" said Charley, with an incredulous look.

"Yes."

"And you're still running messages for old Sharp?"

"You see I am, don't you?"

"Well, If I was worth a quarter of that you wouldn't catch me wearing out shoe-leather for Ludlow, Mills & Co. Not on your tintype!"

"What would you do? Make a tour of Europe in an automobile?"

"No. I'd go in business for myself."

"What business? Stock broker?"

"No. I'd find something to suit me. I wouldn't work for any boss, you can bet on that."

"Well, Charley, I'm going to quit as messenger in a couple of months."

"Are you? What are you going to do?"

"Hold down a desk in Mr. Sharp's counting-room."

"You are, eh?"

"I expect to."

"And you say you're worth \$154,000?"

"What has that to do with my promotion?"

"I should think you'd rather be your own boss."

"Time enough for that, Charley. I'm only eighteen. I expect to branch out as a broker some day and I want to learn the business from A to Z. I've put in three years almost as a messenger.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

Summer came on with its dull periods, during which Eddie had more time to study up stock



"I know that branch about as well as the next one."

"I'll bet you do."

"Now I'm going to learn the details of the brokerage business, and work my way up to the top."

"Going to keep on speculating?"

"I don't expect to let any good thing get by me."

"Does old man Sharp know that you've been hitting the market?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Say, Eddie, I can't get through my head how you have made so much money."

"Well, don't worry about it," grinned Eddie. "Let me do the worrying."

"How did you do it?"

"By having a little capital and then taking advantage of my opportunities."

"How did you come by your little capital?"

"I owe that to your stout friend, Phil Burke."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"He knocked me off the sidewalk into Nassau Street one day, and it caused me to find an envelope, without name or address, containing \$100."

"Jumping jewsharps! It that a fact?"

"Yes."

"Where did you find the envelope?"

"In the dirt of the street."

"My goodness! And you never told me about that before. If you had I'd have understood the matter better."

"Well, you know it now. Better late than never, you know."

"Then you put that \$700 into some stock and it went up?"

"That's right. I made \$1,200. And it was on the tip you gave me. One of these days I'm going to make that all right with you."

"One of these days, eh?"

"Yes. Your reward will keep, and the longer it keeps the bigger it will get."

"I hope it will."

"Well, I can't waste any more time with you now, though there isn't much doing in my shop."

"There isn't anything at all doing in ours. That is nothing to speak of."

"Then run along and try to find something to keep your mind busy."

With those words the boys separated. A couple of weeks later Eddie read another article in the "Goldfield Miner" about the New Discovery Mine. Development work had been proceeding at a rapid rate along the lines of the new body of ore discovered, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore had already been blocked out. Application had been made to restore the mine to the list on the exchanges and thus bring the New Discovery once more into general notice. The paper stated that the rehabilitation of the old mine had attracted a great deal of attention, and that ten and even fifteen cents a share had been offered for the stock without bringing any to the front. Brokers in Goldfield were looking for it, and would be glad to communicate with parties having any of it for sale.

This was great news for Eddie. If ten or fifteen cents was being offered for the stock his certificate was already worth \$500 and over. That

afternoon he went up to call on Mr. Wise. He had already raised her hopes by the previous news he had carried her about the alleged discovery of new ore on the property. Now he was able to tell her that her certificates would probably bring her \$1,000 in Goldfield.

"But it would be foolish of you to think of selling your stock at such a price," he told her. "You want to hold on and get as much of your \$25,000 back as possible. In time you might even get it all back."

Mrs. Wise was delighted, and promised not to let the stock get out of her possession without communicating first with Eddie. A month later the New Discovery mine was listed at 25 cents a share. Eddie wrote to a Goldfield broker and asked for information about the mine, saying he held 5,000 shares of the stock. He got a reply by return mail enclosing an offer of thirty cents a share for the stock. He declined to sell. A day or two later he saw the mine quoted at fifty cents.

"Lor," said the boy, "stock that I gave \$25 for is now worth \$2,500. If that wasn't a lucky deal, what do you call it?"

Eddie had by this time taken his position as a clerk in the counting-room and a new boy had been employed to act as office boy and messenger. He found that he had little time now to devote to speculative ventures, and so he turned over the bulk of his capital to the Title Trust & Guarantee Company to invest for him in good five-per-cent mortgages. When Christmas came around the New Discovery mining shares were much sought after at sixty cents. As time went by and the mine was developed, the shares were sold in Goldfield and elsewhere at \$1.50 a share. This made Mrs. Wise's stock worth \$15,000 and Eddie's \$7,500.

Eddie loaned the widow \$5,000 on her stock to buy a little home for herself, for he did not think it well for her to sell it yet. Eventually the price went up to \$3, and Eddie sold it for her. He held on to his own till it reached \$3.50, and then sold out, making \$17,500 out of a \$25 investment—an uncommonly lucky Wall Street deal. To-day Eddie Scott is a rising young broker. He succeeded to Matthew Sharp's business, and also to his stenographer, who is now Mrs. Sylvie Scott, mistress of a handsome home in the Bronx.

Charley Gates married Edith Scott and Eddie gave him an interest in his business. If you happen to be in Wall Street just look up the firm of Scott & Gates, and you will have located the boy who made his way ahead through tips to fortune.

Next week's issue will contain "STRIKING HIS GAIT; or, THE PERILS OF A BOY ENGINEER."

"I may seem a brute, Mabel, said the innocent young man, "but I ought to tell you that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me. Will you forgive me for taking her away?" "Forgive you!" replied she; "why, that's what the party was for!"



# BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

## The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Ranch Owner's Peril.

The huge chamber was lighted brightly, showing a long hitching-bar at one side, to which the mustangs were fastened.

At the other end of the cave were numerous beds of leaves, a collection of food and cooking utensils, and a rough table and some chairs.

"Now, looker here, everybody!" exclaimed Flood, when the gang gathered around him, "our attempt ter git ther gal was a failure, but I've got another trump what I'm goin' ter play now."

"Speak out, Jim," growled Sawkins. "What is it?"

"I'll tell yer," replied the villain, as he lit his pipe. "It's catchin' ole Colonel Briggs, that's what it is. He's ther owner of a secret gold mine somewhere in these hills, an' it's our business ter make him tell us whar he gits thar ore he sends to Deadwood."

"Hurrah!" hoarsely shouted the gang, for every one at once began to see himself immensely rich when they learned the colonel's secret.

"Shet up, yer blamed galoots!" roared Flood, scowling at them in a threatening way. "S'pose Buckskin Bill an' his rough-riders is a-passin' ther cave; yer yellin' will give us away, an' they'll come a-pilin' in hyer on top of us!"

The men subsided meekly, for Jim ruled them with a rod of iron, and every one of the cowardly gang were affraid of him.

Moreover, they had a wholesome fear of the cowboys, and did not wish to get mixed up in a fight with them.

"As I was a-tellin' yer," proceeded Flood, "if we kin force him ter tell us whar his strike lies, an' then we kin go an' work it fer ourselves. Thar is plenty of rich ore in ther claim. I seen ther stuff when I worked fer him."

"Then yer'd better git a move on yer," growled Sawkins, who was an ugly, sullen man. "Then there cowboys may take a notion ter ride over ter Rosebud Ranch with ther gal, an' if they gits thar afore us we won't have a ghost of a show ter carry out yer plan."

"All right. I only want two men ter go with me. Hank, you stay hyer, an' guard ther cave. Whar's Mike Riley?"

"Here!" answered a red-headed fellow, with a scar on his face.

"An' Pancho, ther greaser?"

"Here, senor," replied a slim, dark-featured fellow with a black mustache.

"That's all right. Git ready."

In a few minutes the guard at the mouth of the cavern notified them that the coast was clear, and they mounted their ponies and rode out.

They left the upper end of the canyon and took a short cut to Rosebud Ranch, which they reached twenty minutes ahead of Bill and Jess.

As they went clattering up to the door Flood whipped out a revolver, fired several shots in the air, and bawled:

"Colonel Briggs, show yerself! Hey, Colonel Briggs!"

A window was cautiously opened, and Andy, the coon, stuck out his head.

He gave a howl of alarm when he saw who the callers were, and was just in the act of ducking out of sight when Flood spotted him and let a shot go that whistled past his ear.

"Murdah!" yelled the darky, and he disappeared like a flash.

"Hello, there!" roared a tremendous bass voice in the house just then. "Andrew, you black rascal, what is the meaning of all this row? Who are those fellows outside asking for?"

Bang, bang, bang! went Flood's pistol butt at the door, and then the outlaw shouted:

"Come out an' show yerself, Colonel Briggs, or it will be ther wuss fer yer. D'yer hear me?"

"Sir!" yelled the colonel, who was a big hot-headed Southerner, and he flung open the door and was about to rush out when he saw Flood's shooter staring him in the eye, and he halted and added: "What do you mean by this, you scoundrel? Lower that gun! How dare you come on my premises and——"

"Up with yer hands!" Flood interrupted. "An' be quick about it, too, or I'll let daylight through your hide."

Then the colonel knew better than to resist.

He raised his hands above his head, but he did not lose his nerve, for he demanded in his usual peppery way:

"What does this mean, you dog? What does it mean?"

"It means as yer my prisoner, colonel," said Flood. "Come out hyer, now, jest as quickly as yer long legs can carry yer."

Out marched the colonel, as dignified as possible, and it could now be seen that he was a tall, stout, flood-faced man, with white hair and a white beard.

He coolly eyed his captors, and then recognized them.

"Flood, by jingo!" he exclaimed, in startling tones.

"Tie him up!" gruffly ordered the outlaw captain.

Riley and Pancho had come prepared for an emergency like this, and they made short work of securing the old ranch owner.

"See here, Jim Flood!" exclaimed the colonel, angrily, "I——"

"Hold yer jaw!" roared the outlaw. "I don't want another word outer yer, or I'll gag yer. Now, greaser, boost him on yer nag!"

Between the two they got the colonel on Pancho's mustang, and the Mexican mounted with him.

It was pretty evident to the outlaws that no one but the ancient darky was in the house with the colonel, or they would have learned it by this time.



"All ready?" demanded Flood.

"We are that," answered Riley. "But it isn't away yer goin' widout takin' as much as ther loikes av a silver spoon, I hope?"

"No time fer graft," growled Flood. "Get a move on yer, now. Thar's no tellin' how soon some one may turn up here ter give us trouble. Away with yer!"

They went galloping off with the colonel, and went back to the cave by the same trail they followed before.

A yell of approval went up from the gang when they saw the colonel a prisoner in the hands of their captain, and Hank Sawkins pulled Briggs from the horse.

"Waal, pard," he chuckled, grinning at Flood, "yer done ther trick good, an' yer done it quick. Hev any trouble?"

"Not a bit," drawled Flood. "Set him in a chair, Hank."

The colonel's face was white with rage, but he dared not say a word, for he knew these men would blow his brains out on the slightest provocation.

When he was seated, Flood stood regarding him with folded arms for a few moments, a leering smile on his coarse face.

He then held a whispered conversation with his men that lasted nearly an hour, and then returned to his victim.

"Waal," the outlaw remarked, "I reckon yer puzzled ter know why we brung yer here, ain't yer, colonel?"

"I am," growled Briggs, glaring angrily at him.

"An' yer want me ter tell yer?"

"Of course I do, sir—of course I do."

"Then listen. Yer remember firin' me off yer ranch jist 'cause I fell in love with that putty gal o' yourn, don't yer?"

"I certainly do. Yes, sir, I certainly do."

"Waal, yer kin imagine I'm down on yer fer thet, ole hoss, an' I am a-goin' ter git revenge fer it, too."

"That's no more than I expected of you."

"But how d'yer s'pose I'm a-goin ter do it?"

"Probably by killing me," growled Colonel Briggs.

"Oh, no! Yer dead wrong thar. I'm a-goin' ter force yer ter show me whar yer hidden gold mine is."

The old gentleman started and a worried expression settled upon his face that brought a shout of laughter from Flood, and he cried, tauntingly:

"Yer don't like thet, do yer, old hoss?"

A pretty grim expression began to settle upon the face of Colonel Briggs, and a cold look of determination shone in his eyes.

"Flood!" he exclaimed, "you'll never get my secret."

"Oh, no! I won't, hey? Waal, I reckon I will. Yer can't hold out agin me an' ther gang on thet p'int, colonel, nohow. It's as much as yer life are worth ter refuse ter speak out."

"If you kill me, sir, how are you ever going to learn my secret?" demanded the old man, with a triumphant air.

But Jim Flood was not surprised by this answer; he expected it.

"Don't count on thet, Briggs," said he, dryly.

"I reckon yer don't know wot sort of a pilgrim

I am by this time. If yer won't tell me yer secret I'll go without it an' kill yer fer spite. Come, now, speak out. Is it life or death?"

The colonel knew that the man was in deadly earnest.

He was very plucky, however, and he answered in quiet tones:

"The gold in my claim is for my daughter. I will never give it up to you, sir!"

A dark threatening scowl began to gather on the outlaws brow.

Turning abruptly to his men, he said:

"Blindfold him!"

Hank Sawkins carried out the order.

"All right, Jim," he growled.

"Stand ther fool agin the wall."

With Hank on one side and Pancho on the other, the colonel was led to the wall. Flood then turned to the rest of the gang and said in gruff tones:

"Line up ten paces in front of him with yer rifles, boys."

The next moment a line of weapons covered Colonel Briggs.

Flood then approached his victim and demanded in a savage tone:

"D'yer know what's happenin', Colonel Briggs?"

"I do," was the brave man's reply.

"Then yer know that one more refusal ter tell me whar yer gold mine is seals yer doom? This is yer last call, ole hoss. If yer refuse I'll give ther word ter my lads ter drop yer. Whar is thet claim?"

There was a deathly silence in the cave for a few moments.

Every man had his finger on the trigger of his rifle and was drawing a bead on Colonel Briggs' breast.

But, untamed to the last, the old man exclaimed,

"I absolutely refuse to tell you, sir!"

A yell of fury escaped the lips of Jim Flood.

Andy's remark almost caused Jessie to faint, but Buckskin Bill kept cool and closely questioned the negro about the raid.

Then he turned to the girl and said:

"Don't give way to such weakness as that. It's the worst time you could do it. You need all your courage just now. Brace up and I'll do all I can to save your father from that scoundrel."

His cool, determined air revived the girl's hope.

"I'm badly unnerved, Bill," she replied, "but I will be all right in a few moments. It's human nature. He's my father, and I love him dearly, you know. I scarcely expected you would do anything for him on account of the hard feelings between you."

"This is no time to let personal feelings interfere with my plain duty," answered the boy, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm sorry for the old man. Besides he's your father. The trouble between us was not of my making. I won't let his cattle graze on my range and he won't let mine on his. His men and mine are always scraping about it along the boundary between the two ranches, you know, and that's what caused your father and I to offer to buy each other out. As neither of us will sell, the feud goes on, and he hates me. I'm sorry enough about it, too, for that keeps you and I apart a great deal."

(To be continued.)



## GOOD READING

### COLORS LOBSTERS TO SUIT

Lobsters of any hue desired to fit the color scheme of a dinner may be procured if cooks will follow the directions of Doctor Kornfeld, of Berlin, who has conducted extensive experiments to find out why lobsters are red, and whether or not they have to remain that way.

Doctor Kornfeld found the shells of lobsters and crabs contain alizarin, a coloring matter, and that the action of heat upon this material turns the shells red. He also discovered, according to his announcement, that coloring matter given to shell-fish in their food will produce various hues of shell.

### HOUDINI AS MEDIUM

Comparatively few persons are aware that Houdini, who has been busy during the past few years exposing fraud "mediums," once was himself a medium of no mean ability.

Thirty-five years ago, in Garnet, Kan., Houdini was commencing his climb to fame as assistant to a wandering "doctor." The two of them sold to Kansas natives a concoction bound to cure any ailment, and young Houdini was the company entertainer. One Saturday the doctor came to him and said he could rent the Town Hall for Sunday evening provided Houdini could put on some sort of an entertainment of a religious nature, of which a collection would be a feature.

Houdini conceived the idea of putting on a seance.

Needless to say, the seance was a tremendous success. It left Houdini conscious-stricken at having deluded so many worthy citizens, and he determined then and there never again to resort to "spirit messages" to earn a living, a resolve to which he has faithfully adhered.

### HOW MOUNTAIN CHAINS ARE MADE

A theory of mountain-chain formation based on a slow sliding of whole continental blocks over a substratum of volcanic glass was proposed at the American Philosophical Society by Dr. Reginald A. Daly of Harvard University.

According to Doctor Daly's theory, great sections of the earth's crust, slowly heaved and tilted out of a stable position, gradually migrate in the direction of their slope. This slope may be very slight, and migration very slow, even a few inches a century, yet it goes on for such long periods that great changes, even the formation of huge mountain ranges, may take place.

Such a downstream migration of a continental block, Doctor Daly said, could not be imagined over a fixed and rigid base; but "for good reasons we may assume the earth's crust to be underlain by a universal substratum of basaltic glass at a temperature of 1,200 to 1,600 degrees Centigrade, or 2,200 to 2,900 Fahrenheit. The rigidity of stiffness of the substratum is great because of the hydrostatic pressure upon it; yet, as in the case of pitch, the resistance to flow breaks down with the passage of time, if a permanent, one-sided pressure or stress be applied to the substratum material."

Two things happen to a migrating continent, Doctor Daly continued. The edge of the "downstream" side, upon reaching the limit of its migration and encountering resistance, wrinkles and crumbles into mountain folds, like the outer edge of flowing tar or molasses. On the "upstream" side the crust is stretched and finally cracked, allowing the interior magma to come to the surface as great non-volcanic lava flows.

### GREENLAND BIRD-SKINS

To the Esquimau woman the mouth is like a third hand, especially in the preparation of skins, which is a very considerable part of her work. As a consequence, the front teeth of the older women are often worn away to the merest stumps. The Esquimau method of preparing bird-skins is extremely peculiar, and therefore interesting, and is thus described:

The first step is carefully to dry the feathers, then the skins are turned inside out, and the layer of fat scraped away as thoroughly as possible with a mussel-shell or a spoon, and is eaten, being esteemed a great delicacy. Then the skins are hung up under the roof to dry.

After a few days the last remnants of fat are removed from them by means of chewing; then they are dried again, then washed in warm water with soda and soap three times over, then rinsed out in very cold water, pressed and hung up for the final drying. If the feathers are to be removed, so that only the down is left—as for example, in the case of the eider-duck—they are plucked out when the skin is half dry. Then it is thoroughly dried and cut up, and so is ready for use.

The chewing is a very remarkable process. The operator takes the skin, almost dripping with fat, and chews away at one spot till all the fat is sucked out and the skin is soft and white; then the chewing area is slowly widened, the skin gradually retreating farther and farther into the mouth, often until it disappears entirely, to be spat out again at last with every particle of fat chewed away.

This industry is for the most part carried on by the women and children, and is very highly relished by reason of the quantity of oil it enables them to absorb. In times of scarcity, the men are often glad enough to be allowed to do their share.

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## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## ANCIENT BURIED CITY IS FOUND IN NEVADA

Signs of a buried city antedating anything found heretofore in this country are to-day being traced by field members of the National Cosmograph Society twenty miles west of Pioche, near White Horse Springs. Two and a half miles of hieroglyphics chiseled in an obsidian cliff resembling dark brown glass have been discovered.

Quantities of pottery have been found. The pottery, unlike that found in Pueblo Grande de Nevada, has an unusually thick fire glaze and decorations in black are declared to resemble closely Chinese characters.

## FORD NOW EMPLOYS 161,000

The Ford organization is now employing more than 161,000 persons in its various activities throughout the United States, according to the latest employment figures announced recently. This is a record for the industry.

The largest increase has come in the Detroit area where the Ford Motor Company's manufacturing plants are located. Here close to 14,500 have been added to the employment list since March.

The big majority of workers are employed at the Highland Park and River Rouge plants. The River Rouge now has 52,800 on its payroll, a record for that plant. Highland Park still leads all plants with 55,300 employees, though this number is considerably lower than the peak employment record of 1923, which was before the transfer of several thousand men to River Rouge when the motor assembly and crankshaft departments were moved there.

Along with the steady increase in employment in Detroit due to greater production demands there have been corresponding increases at domestic assembly plants until the employment rolls for these now show close to 44,000 employees.

## A NIXIE

A letter, postcard, parcel, or newspaper entering the mails is simply a piece of mail.

If, because of inadequate or incorrect address,

and, in the case of the package—improper wrapping—a piece of mail must be taken out of the regular postal machinery for "directory service" or "hospital service," it becomes a Nixie.

If the postal sleuths are able to correct the address, or return to sender for a better one, it again becomes a piece of mail—though "delayed mail" is the better sobriquet.

If, after an exhaustive effort, the postal "detective" must give up the puzzle, and there is no return address, the piece of mail is consigned to the Dead Letter Office, where it again changes its name to dead letter or dead parcel, as the case may be.

Its period of existence as a Nixie is the most expensive one. It demands special attention from the very best clerks. Valuable time is spent in its behalf, time which also may prove more costly to the mailer or intended recipient through the attendant delay.

But in the long run the postal service loses most. In Chicago 400 workers do nothing but handle Nixies. In New York the service costs \$500 daily. In all the Nixie costs the government about \$1,740,000 a year.

## LAUGHS

Counsel—I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you.  
Convicted Client—Don't mention it gov'nor; ain't five years enough?

"How do you tell mushrooms from toad stools? "I'll wait till next morning. If I'm here, they were mushrooms. If I'm in heaven, they were toadstools."

Sonny—Aw, pop, I don't want to study arithmetic. Pop—What! a son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting averages? Never!

"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?" inquired the church trustee. "I certainly did," responded the applicant; "there was never any cash connected with it."

Miss Neverstop, seating herself between two much-engrossed elderly gentlemen, exclaims: "A rose between two thorns." "Nay, madam," retorts one; "say rather a tongue sandwich."

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday." "Not I." "I can't understand how you can have faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it. Saturday's my payday."

A minister was addressing a school-class recently, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow. What shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted the class in unison.



## POINTS OF INTEREST

CONVICTS WITH THE PRICE HAVE RADIO  
IN SING SING

One of the most recent of the many changes in Sing Sing Prison, is the installation of private radio receiving sets in the cells of such convicts as can afford the luxury.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes said there were ten or twelve receiving outfits privately owned, and that each of them had several head-set extensions in other cells. According to Leon C. Weinstock, of the State Prison Commission, sixty or seventy prisoners have head-sets in their cells.

Amplifiers are not permitted in the cell blocks. Larger radio sets have been installed for several months in the chapel, the home of Warden Lawes and other parts of the institution.

One hundred convicts were sent to Sing Sing May 14, 1825, to build quarters and a stockade to be used as a state prison. May 31, 1825, they were locked up for the night for the first time in one of the shacks which they built.

## TURKEY'S ANCIENT GUNS

In 1478, Mahomet II, in prosecuting the siege of Scutari, in Albani, employed fourteen heavy bombards, the lightest of which threw a stone shot of three hundred and seventy pounds' weight two sent shots of five hundred pounds, two of eight hundred and fifty pounds, one of twelve hundred pounds, five fifteen hundred, and one of the enormous weight of sixteen hundred and forty pounds.

The stone shot of Mahomet's guns varied between twenty and thirty-two inches in diameter, about the height of a dining table—two thousand five hundred and thirty-four of them fired on this occasion weighing, according to a calculation of General Lefroy, about one thousand tons—and were cut out of the solid rock on the spot.

Assuming twenty-four inches as the average diameter of the shot fired at the siege, the total area of the surface dressed was nearly thirty-two thousand square feet. At this siege the weight of the powder fired is estimated by General Lefroy to have been two hundred and fifty tons. At the siege of Rhodes, in 1480, Mahomet caused sixteen basilisks, or double cannon, to be cast on the spot, throwing balls two or three feet in diameter.

## BOTTLES TELEPHONE MESSAGES

Bottling up a telephone message until the person rung up has returned to the office or house has become a possibility by the combination of an invention of Poulsen, the famous wireless telephone pioneer, and a wireless valve, says a London newspaper.

If a telephone call is made and the person wanted is not available a simple recording instrument can be set in motion and a message dictated that can be repeated at any time later.

The Poulsen telegraphone, invented many years ago, is a device in which a telephone message can be impressed upon a moving steel ribbon by means of magnetic action. When the ribbon has run through a simple reproducing device it repeats the

message, but so feebly that the invention was abandoned.

An instrument has now been constructed by a man named A. Nasarischwily with which the reproduced sound can be amplified to any degree of loudness by the use of one of the valves now employed universally in wireless reception. The steel wire or ribbon, with its magnetic message, can be removed from the instrument and sent by post and the message reproduced in any other instrument, and permanent records can be made of speeches and so on.

The inventor claims that a message or signal may be spoken from a train into a railway line and received by the driver of the train following.

## MONEY IN RABBITS

The government of New South Wales spends a large sum annually in the payment of royalties on the skins of rabbits killed, the aggregate royalties in the last seven years amounting to over \$4,000,000. The fact that in one year as many as 25,280,000 skins were thus paid for has given rise to an inquiry as to what is done with the skins. An investigation into the conditions obtaining in New South Wales shows that although the rabbit is doing immense harm to vegetation, and fully deserves the ill repute into which it has fallen, its extermination would cause the collapse of two most profitable industries, that of the rabbit killer, and the rabbit skin dealer.

A killer gets two cents a head royalty from the government for killing the animal, the skin of which he can then sell at from four to six cents, and for the meat he can get from two to four cents from the canning factories. The skins are bale-pressed and exported to London, where, so brisk is the business, the sales every six weeks average from 1,500 to 2,000 bales, each bale holding about two hundred skins.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a large number of people in Australia find rabbit killing more profitable than farming.

The skins, which are bought up in bulk in London by the hat manufacturers, are turned over to operators who pluck off the pelt by hand, no suitable machinery for the purpose having yet been invented. A fine blue fur is then left on the pelt. The skin is then pared away from the fur by machinery so delicate that when the last paring is cut off the fur sometimes hangs in one filmy section. This is worked up into felt. The English rabbit supplies the best fur, then comes the New Zealand rabbit and then the Australian.

At one time large quantities of hats were exported from England to America, but now the Americans can dress skins as well as the English, and they make all their own hats, importing the fur from England. It is hard to understand why American hat makers do not import their skins direct from Australia, as they turn out probably not less than 65,000 hats every year, as against the 40,000 of the English manufacturers.



## FROM ALL POINTS

## THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

THERMOMETER MEASURES 380 DEGREES  
BELOW ZERO

A new thermometer, which measures accurately temperatures as low as 380 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, was described to members of the American Philosophical Society by Dr. W. A. Noyes, professor of chemistry at the University of Illinois. As mercury freezes at such a low temperature a bulb connected with a very narrow tube containing air is used. As the air expands and contracts with variations in temperature a small globule of mercury, kept at a temperature above its melting point, moves back and forth, thus serving as an index.

## BUILDS HOUSE FOR \$742

Built from odds and ends from historic old buildings, the home of Herbert E. Maynard in Slatersville, R. I., built by him at a cost of just \$742, is one of the show places of the State.

Maynard and his wife spent several years collecting material for the house, securing doors in one place, window sashes in another and furnishings from all over the State. Much of the material used in construction of the house came from the old Slatersville Tavern, recently torn down after being a landmark in the town for more than 100 years.

Named by neighbors "The house of antiquity," the place is furnished with old tables, chairs and other furniture, some of which is 125 years old. Maynard has retouched all the old furniture himself, and is known all over the State as an authority on things antique.

"Any one who pays rent is foolish," declares Maynard, "for any man can build a place like this at small cost."

## SALT ISLANDS

Avery's celebrated salt island in Louisiana has a rival. Carmen Island lies in the Gulf of California, some five miles from the peninsula. It is only nineteen miles long by six broad, but it is one of the most valuable small islands in the world, as it contains immense deposits of pure, white, natural salt. It is owned by James Viosca, a Spanish-American, who went to Lower California thirty years ago. He resides at La Paz, but spends much of his time on the island superintending the salt mines. The salt deposits cover a surface of 1,000 acres.

About a third of this acreage is a mass of pure, clean, white salt; the remainder is covered simply with a layer of soil, brought there by rains from the adjacent mountains, and also in places with a thin coating of pure, white salt beneath. The salt deposits in this basin have proved, by actual investigation, to be fourteen feet in thickness, but it is hard to work at any depth below the surface, as the briny water, sweeping through, creates a new layer of salt of from five to eight inches in thickness in fifteen days. The most remarkable thing about this deposit is the fact that although the salt has been taken from this basin for ages, the surface of the lake has never been lowered, but always retains the same level.

## Tales of the Revolution

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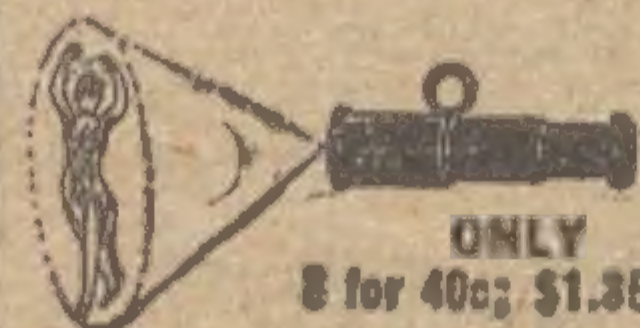
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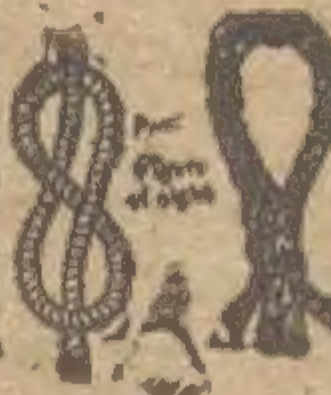
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